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THE HORN BOOK

Magazine

Published Four Times a Year

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The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
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NUMBER 2

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V MAY, 1929 *Number 2*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE: HORACE E. SCUDDER	
STRANGENESS OF HEART. By Siegfried Sassoon	1
BEFORE COLUMBUS WAS AMERICA. By Ann Axtell Morris	3
"REALMS OF GOLD." Reviewed by May Lamberton Becker	14
THE POWER AND THE GLORY. By Siegfried Sassoon	18
A GIVER AND A GIFT	19
BOOKS FOR SUMMER LEISURE	22
A VIEW HALLOO. By B. E. M.	26
HORACE E. SCUDDER. By Alice M. Jordan	37
THE BECKONING ROAD. By Caroline Dale Snedeker	43
"CARAVANS TO SANTA FÉ," "RAQUEL OF THE RANCH COUNTRY," "THE DRAGON FLY OF ZUÑI." Reviewed by Mary M. Davis	47
GROWING UP. By Monica Burrell Owen	52
A FRIENDLY SPY. By Elinor Whitney	55
GRANDEUR OF GHOSTS. By Siegfried Sassoon	58
THE HUNT BREAKFAST	59
THE READING CONTEST	63
A DONKEY CONTEST	66
"ROOTS" OF THE PETER RABBIT TALES. By Beatrix Potter	69

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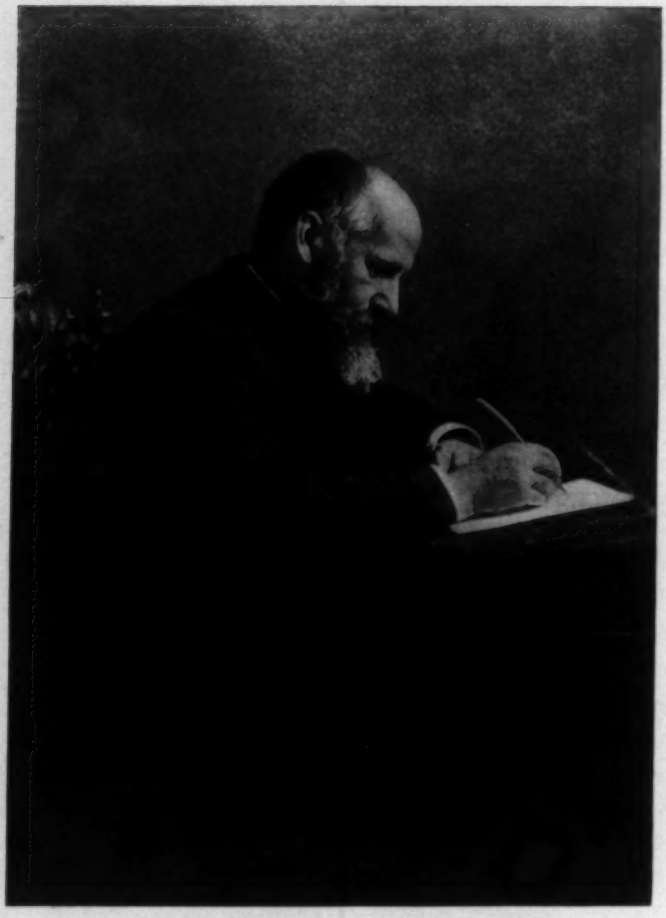
STRANGENESS OF HEART

WHEN I have lost the power to feel the pang
Which first I felt in childhood when I woke
And heard the unheeding garden bird who sang
Strangeness of heart for me while morning broke;
Or when in latening twilight sure with spring,
Pausing on homeward paths along the wood,
No sadness thrills my thought while thrushes sing,
And I'm no more the listening child who stood
So many sunsets past and could not say
What wandering voices called from far away:
When I have lost those simple spells that stirred
My being with an untranslated song,
Let me go home for ever; I shall have heard
Death; I shall know that I have lived too long.

From Siegfried Sassoon's new volume of poems, *The Heart's Journey*, Harper, $2.00.



HORACE E. SCUDDER

THE HORN BOOK

Volume V MAY, 1929 *Number 2*

BEFORE COLUMBUS WAS AMERICA

By Ann Axtell Morris*

I WONDER what is the average span of life allowed the American child before the seed date of 1492 is irrevocably sown in his subconscious mind, never more to be dislodged? Columbus discovered America. The date and fact are so much the alpha of the usual textbook, that one comes to believe Columbus *invented* America, — completely ignoring the intrepid Norsemen who almost burnt a track in the sea in trip after trip to their mysterious Vinland — "a land filled with insupportable ice and boundless gloom."

Quite aside from not discovering America, Columbus never even reached America. He stopped too soon. After touching the Bahamas and Cuba and blindly stumbling around off the coast of Honduras, he refused a cordial and personal invitation from a boatload of Maya Indians to visit their land to the westward, and so, by a matter of a few hours' sailing, missed the great mainland itself at one of its most interesting points. And finally, Columbus never knew that his "Cathay" was America at all. It was years after his death before men realized that Cuba was not the Asia of Marco Polo, and that they had all mistaken the newest of continents for the oldest.

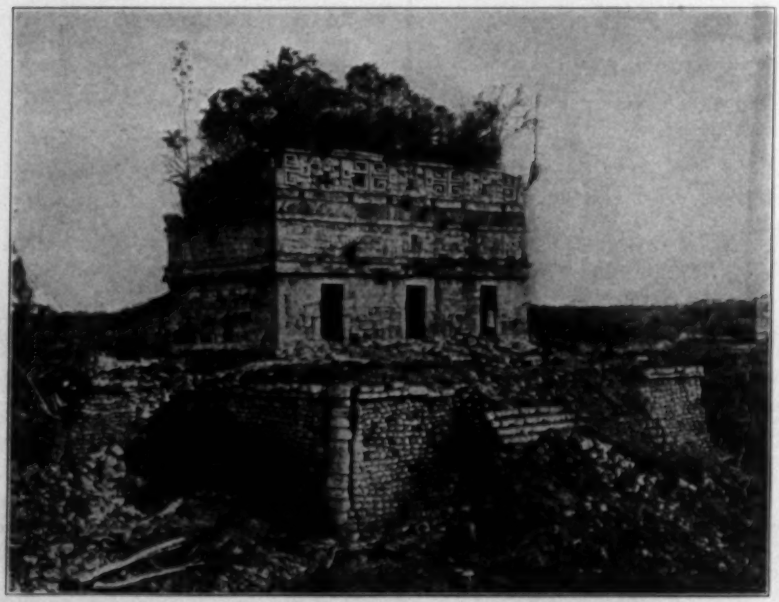
However, probably the greatest misconception, current not only in our younger students' minds, is that the whole continent lay sleeping until medieval geographers by a happy

* Mrs. Earl Morris is on the archeological staff of Carnegie Institution and since 1924 has spent some time each year in Yucatan making copies in color of mural fragments and other forms of Maya art as they are uncovered.

accident kissed the wrong princess and woke a whole new world into activity. They never have realized that the land had already been a going concern for tens of centuries before; that upon it were great palaces of gleaming stone, and temples perched precariously upon lofty pyramids; and that the first real Americans, bedecked in wondrously beautiful garments and laden with finely wrought jewels, wrote books, dealt in astronomy and had experimented with all known forms of government from a satisfactory communism to the complicated reign of highly intellectual priest-kings.

It seems anomalous that the court of Lorenzo de Medici should have been more acutely aroused to the presence and condition of the American Indian than we secondary Americans of today, and that the de Medici himself should have collected American curiosities and manuscripts for which American museums are still assiduously combing Europe.

The cultures found by the earlier explorers were by no means homogeneous. Groups of the aborigines had settled in various portions of North and South America and had



The Casa Colorado (Red House) at Chichen-Itzá, Yucatan

developed autochthonous civilizations not greatly influenced by one another. Some had reached a high state of advancement; some were veriest savages. We know a very great deal about a few of them — others are completely wrapped in mystery. But to this day no one has worked out a wholly satisfactory explanation as to where they all came from or how and when they arrived.

It is generally conceded that none of them were truly indigenous, for no great apes either alive or in fossil form have ever been noted in the Americas. Man achieved his physical and mental status as such, somewhere in the Old World, probably in the Asiatic lowlands, and from that center poured over the world in succeeding waves of migration. It is thought that he came to America by way of the land bridge once existing across the Bering Straits, and at the time of arrival had achieved but a very low stage of civilization. This would be largely due to the conditions of savagery upon the Asiatic side of the Straits, which obtains to this day and is accountable to the rigors of the climate. It is because the first American was drawn from such a lowly source and not because of any sensational antiquity, that he wandered into his new heritage equipped only with chipped flints, his two capable hands, and accompanied by a dog more tame than his master. Probably a conservative estimate would place his advent some 15,000 or 20,000 years ago. The Old World inhabitant of that period possessed domesticated animals, ground his stone implements to glassy smoothness, worked in metal, made pottery, and depended on agriculture for a livelihood. The American as he progressed over his new land into pleasanter climates made some of these discoveries for himself, but the conceptions of the wheel, iron tools and the domestication of animals as food givers and beasts of burden, never entered his ken. Until the Spaniards galloped into Montezuma's capital, terrifying the populace by the spectacle of a man on horseback (to them a new monster, complete and indivisible), infinite patience and brute strength were made to serve in place of those three great aids to easy living.

It is the absence of the same fundamental principles which primarily disproves several other and rather more romantic explanations for the source of the American aborigines. Mr. G. Elliott Smith holds that they came from the ancient civilization of Egypt, through a great cultural wave which started about 900 B. C., and passing across India and Polynesia, by a final stupendous leap landed on the west coast of America.

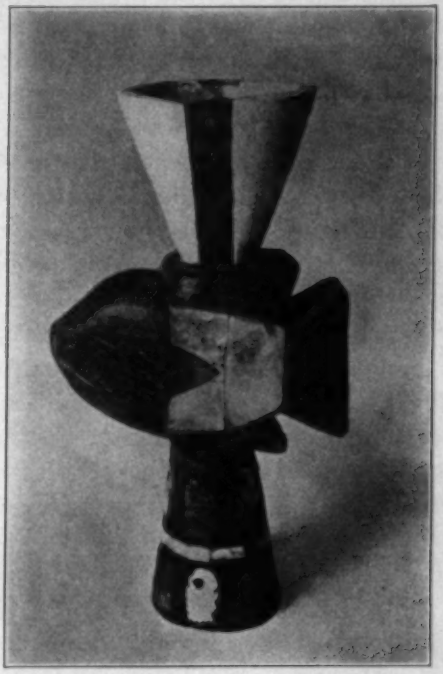
Two additional theories utilize a hypothetical land bridge between Africa and America to facilitate a passage of the much travelled Egyptians who were evidently bent on planting their habits and customs in America; or to assist the Negroes from the Niger who upon arrival taught some previously existing inhabitants the vice of smoking.

But it is to tales of the lost continent of Atlantis, which provided such excellent gossip in Plato's day, and which have been recently resurrected, that we owe some of the most thrilling hypotheses. This mythical continent which lay west of the Pillars of Hercules at one time is supposed to have borne a mighty civilization which colonized the whole world from the Mother-city of Mu, and hence account for those mystifying similarities between so many of the diverse peoples of the globe. Coincidences undoubtedly exist, but such explanations savor too much of camel swallowing to be palatable to the present school of American archeologists.

We owe our constantly growing knowledge of prehistoric America to the archeologists — incredible men, who risk their lives and health in disease infested tropics peopled by hostile natives, who hack patiently at frozen mounds of the north, who pore interminably over tattered scrolls in our libraries and who toil endlessly and enthusiastically in search of a goal, sometimes of treasure, more often, sheer knowledge for its own sake. They have not been at it many decades, but the facts they have already learned, when pieced together, provide an eloquent picture of early life on the great continents so recently named America.

Incas

There were perhaps four high spots of culture — Peru, Central America, the valley of Mexico, and the Southwestern part of the United States.



Chimu (Peru, Pre-Incan) ceremonial cup of wood and shell inlaid with red shell, bitumen and mother of pearl

The Inca Empire comprised a narrow strip of land 3,000 miles long on the western coast of South America extending from the equator to the Atacama Desert in Central Chile. When they were overwhelmed by the Spaniards, the Inca were planning more extended conquest into Brazil. The amount of intercommunication over those vast stretches of forest is rather amusingly confirmed by Pizarro's finding a European hen in Cuzco when he landed near there in 1515. The chicken had been transported by the Peruvians from a Portuguese settlement made on the east coast of Brazil a

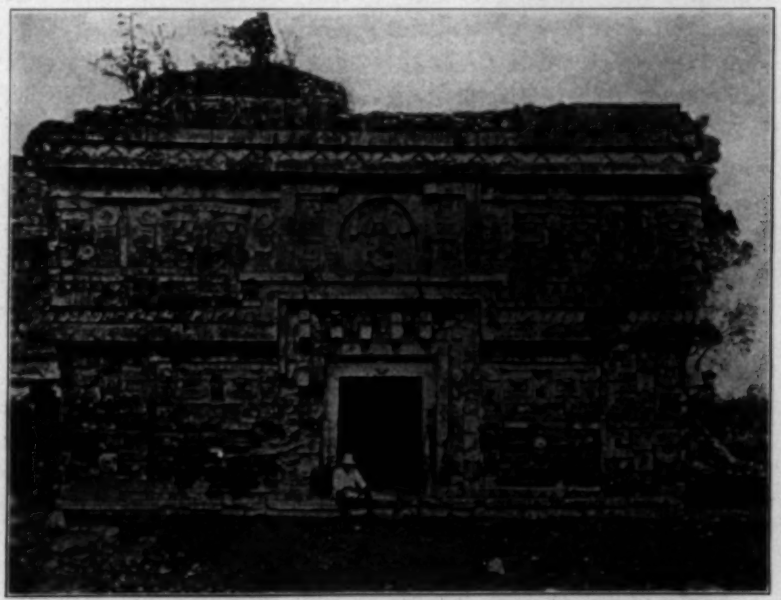
short time previous. This great Inca Empire of more than a million square miles was obviously a highly organized affair. From end to end it was knit together by a system of magnificent highways and by stone and suspension bridges; fortifications were constructed from enormous blocks of stone; and the government was a paternal despotism with the science of administration brought to a pitch of perfection. There probably has never been a government which so oppressed its subjects. It enforced its will not only in the visible acts, but in the private conduct, the words, the very thoughts of its vassals. They had nothing deserved to be called property; they could not change their residence nor their dress without license from the government; even their choice of wives and of food and of drink was subject to imperative legislation. Under this extraordinary polity, the people advanced in many of the social refinements, and acquired enormous skill in the construction of public works, and in the arts of weaving and metal working. In the mechanical arts they far outstripped any of the peoples to the north, but no doubt due to this psychic repression, they fell far below the standards of the latter in the higher intellectual endeavors of astronomy and the art of communicating thought by visible symbols. A parallel case of the perils of over-legislation (also American) may suggest itself to the reader.

Mayas

The Mayas, who occupied and in fact still live in Central America and Yucatan, are known to have emerged from barbarism by about the first century B. C. How long they had been engaged in their upward struggle it is impossible to state, but by that time they had brought their extraordinarily complex astronomical science and hieroglyphic system to a point of record. The calendar system wrought by the Maya mathematician represents the most accurate system of accounting long lapses of time ever invented by any other people until the revised Gregorian, which was not put in force until 1582. They possessed a highly developed artistic sense,

raising great cities of stone that attest a degree of wealth and splendor beyond anything seen elsewhere in the New World, and created sculpture of a quality which compares more than favorably with the best periods of ancient European and Egyptian art. Particularly interesting are the fresco paintings which have been found in the temples of Chichen Itzá. The walls of the structures of that city were covered from tip to toe with beautifully rendered drawings, illustrating in a vividly realistic fashion the manner of life of the ancient inhabitants.

For some reason which has never been satisfactorily determined, the greatness of the Maya race was already suffering marked decline when the Spanish conquerors arrived (1517). Political quarrels between city-states, exhausted corn lands, encroaching disease, perhaps the dread yellow fever, all played their parts. At any rate, by that time decentralization was an accomplished fact, and the Mayas spoke of themselves as a people who had once been great.



Facade of Temple, Chichen-Itzá

Toltecs

The Valley of Mexico, which is an extremely desirable situation, appears to have been long occupied by successive and numerous peoples. The first sensational civilization to take root therein has been ascribed to the Toltecs. According to shadowy legend they appeared upon the Mexican table-land in the 6th century, and flourished there until the 11th, building marvelous structures, then were driven out and scattered. As a matter of fact, the tale is a bit more obscure. The name, possibly derived from their capital city of Tollan, "City of the Sun," came later to mean "builder and skilled artisan." The term is probably an inclusive one, signifying merely all those people who preceded the Aztecs, and from whom it was their pride to claim descent: one is reminded of coveted genealogical descents from the rather less than historical Irish kings.

The Toltecs have been credited with an elegance and superiority to the Aztecs, not entirely supported by material relics. From the 16th century to the present day most of the old architecture and sculpture has been assigned to that source. So confusing has this custom been, that although we cannot deny their empire some basis of fact, their history, so largely supernatural, must largely belong to the realm of fabulous myth.

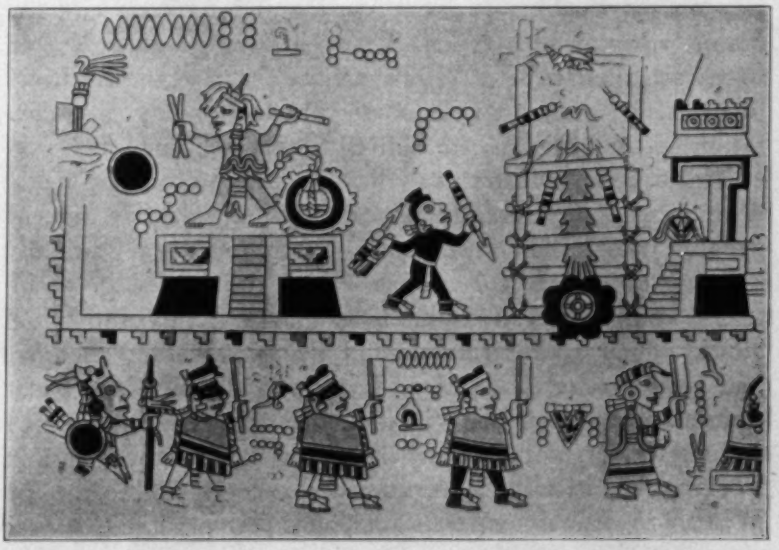
The great pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, so proudly exhibited to all visitors to the City of Mexico, have generally been ascribed to the Toltecs; but their local character and uncertain date give such an ascription a highly problematical character.

Aztecs

About the year 1300, hordes of people from a region vaguely called "the Northwest" began pouring into the valley. Finding the favorable sites already occupied they took refuge in the marshes near Lake Tezcuco, and here it was that the gods revealed to them an eagle holding a snake in its beak perched upon a cactus branching out of a sacrificial stone, and told them there to build their capital,

Tenochtitlan, later known as Mexitl. The present Republic of Mexico has commemorated the event by adopting this scene as its coat-of-arms. By dikes and causeways the Aztecs converted their town into a stronghold impregnable to Indian modes of attack, and from this strategic site sallied forth upon their career of conquering. In 200 years thirty capitals and innumerable tribes were brought under the iron rule before the Spanish interruption; but the recentness and incompleteness of their subjugation was one of the great factors which made possible the final route of Montezuma.

The Aztecs were a bloody folk, perverting by their somber genius the worship of beneficent gods into a slaughter of thousands of screaming victims sacrificed to the thirsty knife of the priest. Six thousand human beings were immolated yearly to the gods at the great festival at Cholula. But withal they were possessed of great fortitude. Montezuma himself, under excruciating torture, refused to disclose the hiding place of his treasure, the most of which was



Portion of Codex Nuttalli

thrown into the waters of the lake rather than surrender it to his conquerors.

An unfortunate myth concerning a Fair God probably had as much to do with the final overthrow of the Aztecs as anything. This mythical being continually crops up in legend over the entire continent. He is supposed to have arrived in a ship from the East, to have taught the people many of the arts of living, and then to have sailed away promising to return when they needed him. He was credited with fair skin and golden hair, and leads one rather to wonder whether yet another intrepid European navigator did not beat Columbus to the "discovery" of America. At any rate, myth or reality, he left an open door behind him, which Cortez, the opportunist, lost no time in entering.

Pueblos of the Southwest

After the Conquest, tales of fabulous wealth to the north led an expedition under Coronado on a great trek to find the Seven Cities of Cibola — the Eldorado of the New World. Many weary years netted them exhaustive information on the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona and the plains tribes of Kansas and Texas, but nary a chip of gold to reward their efforts. However, they carried the frontiers of Spanish America so far north that to this day the population of that part of the United States is bilingual.

This country, which was so disappointing to the Conquistadores, had for thousands of years been a veritable hive of peoples who milled around in a restricted area gradually building up a peaceful culture, which culminated in an intricate and advanced civilization. Small family and tribal hunting groups, centering around a single dwelling chamber and cluster of storage bins, developed steadily into great communal groups, living in immense apartment houses of a thousand or more rooms, irrigating extensive crops, and working beautifully in turquoise, basketry and ceramics. Wealth to a puebloan consisted of a few practical devices wrought with exquisite care for his own personal use. He

had no bent for the accumulation of treasure, nor for life-long servitude in an autocratic ruler's interest.

The peak of Pueblo culture had passed some time before the Spaniards arrived, but Zuñi and Hopi towns viewed by the modern tourist in all essential respects reflect the methodical, peaceful life and industry of prehistoric times.

From the above brief sketch I hope the reader will become convinced that the earlier chapters of American history have been wretchedly scamped in the usual textbook. Lo, the poor Indian, who only served to bring wild turkeys to the Pilgrims and later ungratefully to snipe at them from the forest, is a pretty inadequate presentation of the Indian in his true estate. What a pity it is that America was exploited so soon! The Incas had achieved their great power but 100 years before Pizarro broke and looted the country, and the Aztecs had barely started their career of organization on the arrival of Cortez. The subject races were too newly conquered to coördinate for defense, so the two civilizations melted like snow before the handful of European adventurers.

The chief element lacking throughout the early history of America was the very inability of the inhabitants to combine and integrate their efforts. The Inca was succeeding in this difficult problem, and the Aztec revealed his positive genius in its solution. If the famous or infamous Conquistadores could only have been tossed back into the sea upon their arrival, and the Aztec and the Inca granted another hundred years' grace, the history of the entire Western World for the last four centuries would read quite differently.

The pictures in this article have been reproduced with the permission of Bobbs Merrill, the publishers, from a new book just published — "Old Civilizations of the New World," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Price, $5.00).

ANCIENT AMERICAS BOOK EXHIBIT

The Bookshop will show during the month of July books and pamphlets about the ancient civilizations of America. The August Horn Book will have a reading list on the subject.

"REALMS OF GOLD"

REVIEWED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

I WAS in so great a hurry to read "Realms of Gold" that I read it first in galley proofs. These, as any one knows who has encountered them, come in sinuous bundles a yard long, and require for their management a special technique, something between handling a long-clothes baby and playing a trombone. The difficulty of finding again anything one has marked for reference gave me the idea of drawing from the bundle whatever page held something so good I wanted to be sure to keep it, and dropping it to the right of my chair, to be gathered and filed at the close of the reading. This reading lasted, without intermission, until the last charming page — upon which I found that the pile to the right of me was some two feet high, with but a few pages left on the other side, and my bright idea for filing naturally invalidated. It makes, however, a picturesque proof of the value, indeed the directly quotable value, to be found in these pages.

A catalogue is always fascinating to booklovers, so much so that some of them are accused of putting more time into reading these than into a perusal of the books they describe; a reading-list is always useful to some one reading along its lines; books about children's books are always attractive to people with children, or even to people who have not forgotten what it is to be a child, whether or not they are parents. "Realms of Gold" is something like all of these, and something more; it is a sort of affectionate *catalogue raisonnée,* offering to those who provide children with their books not only information but inspiration toward their buying.

There are two matters to be considered in estimating the usefulness of such a book as this: the arrangement, and the quality of the books advised. If I put the arrangement first, it is because the most valuable article is to all intents and purposes lost if you cannot put your hand on it when

you want it, and unless you are able to find the title of the book you are after — or rather, a hint as to what that book may be — within a few lines of type, you are not putting your hand upon it readily. The subdivisions of such a list, then, should be many, and the number of books on each should be few: they are in "Realms of Gold," and they progress ever so gradually by age, as they should. For though it is absurd to believe that all children of the same age like the same book, and though those who have had experience with them know that no two children really read the same book at all, any more than two people looking at a rainbow at the same time see the same rainbow, yet it is not only possible but necessary to group books for children so that one will not be presented too soon, nor perhaps deferred until the most appreciative period has been passed. From the moment a baby's eye brightens at a spot of color upon a page, and then, somewhat later, shows signs of recognizing that certain lines signify a cat, he rises to successive levels of consciousness and appreciation, and books wait for him on these successive levels. On such an arrangement this book is made; not all the "baby books" together, but in groups for various purposes. By the time one has come to the last of these groups for one plane, one has been lifted a trifle to the next level — the steps of this stairway being not too high for very little feet — and so on, repeating the groups. The subdivisions being so many, one need look for advice on a needed book through but a small stretch of space.

As for the choice of books, it seems to this reader as nearly an ideal one as such a selection is likely to be. Short of putting in all the books in the world, some one is bound to find some of his pet books left out and even some of mine have been, but the worst fault of all would be to put in all, or even a large proportion of the children's books now in the world. The object of this work being to aid in the task of selection, such a list must be above all selective, and hold the flaming sword against the admission of unnecessary books. Again, in such a task a bookshop — or

rather, this inspired and inspirational Bookshop for Boys and Girls — has a tremendous head-start over an individual expert, unless again this expert has some such avenue of approach to the real tastes and needs of children who read. I am myself continually checking an impulse to recommend, against a book written for children in the twentieth century in New York City, one written for a nineteenth century country child, for the reason — excellent to me but bad for my clients — that I read and loved the second when I was little. This tendency is excellent in general, for it keeps in print beautiful books from generation unto generation, and I am glad that it often works strongly in the recommendations of "Realms of Gold," but it must be balanced by a sympathetic attitude toward the juvenile literature of today — when, and only when, it qualifies as literature for children. The Bookshop is in a position to nourish this sympathy, and the authors of "Realms of Gold" have both this and the lovingkindness to old favorites to which I have referred. The result is a list on whose higher reaches there is really neither old nor new, for the beauty of books for children is that a very good one promptly enters a sort of earthly immortality, keeping pace with each generation that inherits the treasured volume.

The notes are such that any one reading them will know what a given book is about, and in some cases (by means of a brief sketch and critical study of the author) what sort of man or woman wrote it. Sometimes the work is summed up, not by description or synopsis, but just by a brief and characteristic quotation. This is pure inspiration on the part of the editors. Who that ever read "Peter Rabbit" aloud to an enchanted child but will thrill at the dear, familiar question . . .

> Peter was sitting by himself. He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.
>
> "Peter," said little Benjamin, in a whisper, "who has got your clothes?"

I can hear a very young voice repeating that in awed delight. Besides the recognized international classics, my own favorite Eliza Orne White gets proper attention in the critical notes, and so do many of my own favorites; when there is a decided difference of opinion on some book, such as on the treatment of Greek mythology by Hawthorne in "The Wonder Book," reports of critics on either side are given. Often at the point when some re-told story enters the record, attention is directed to the classic from which it has been retold; as when the editor goes on from the King Arthur books for boys, "Let no one be deterred from reading Morte d'Arthur, in this day of little time, by the number of chapters — the length of most chapters is only a page and a half," and then gives its table of contents complete.

The pictures are taken from the books, in the main; sometimes an illustration is from some source more remote, as the charming sketches from the unpublished American notebook of Walter Crane. Anything more touching than the picture "Cranes on toast," representing the effect of too much central heating in American hotels, could not readily be imagined; the artist, his wife and the children are reclining like birds on toast, cooked to a turn by the unaccustomed indoor temperature. Poems are often quoted completely, and every page has at least a sentence or two of illuminating criticism either from the editors or by some noted writer.

Another feature that pleases me is the inclusion of trick-books like cut-outs and books to paste, such as scarcely qualify for a reading-list but prove very popular in time of measles or other interruption. The song-books are useful too, and these, like the books to read, are arranged in groups for various levels, not all the music together. The poetry goes along with the book's story in the same way — in short, this arrangement makes it not only possible to read "Realms of Gold" straight through as a continuous narrative of steadily marching interest, but almost impossible not to do so, once one has made a start at any point.

The growing boy or girl of course receives as much attention as the beginner. I have many book-lists on the shelves of my reference library, and some of them I use often. This one I shall often use. It is valuable as well as useful.

REALMS OF GOLD, by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney — *Doubleday* $5.00

* * *

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

Let there be life, said God. And what He wrought
Went past in myriad marching lives, and brought
This hour, this quiet room, and my small thought
Holding invisible vastness in its hands.

Let there be God, say I. And what I've done
Goes onward like the splendour of the sun
And rises up in rapture and is one
With the white power of conscience that commands.

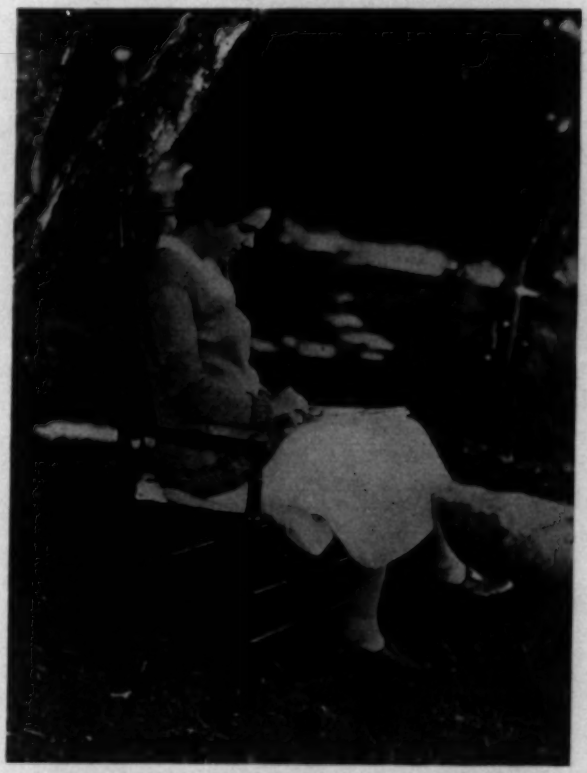
Let life be God. . . . What wail of fiend or wraith
Dare mock my glorious angel where he stands
To fill my dark with fire, my heart with faith?

From Siegfried Sassoon's new volume of poems, *The Heart's Journey,* Harper, $2.00.

A GIVER AND A GIFT

THERE has always been a conviction back of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls and its conduct that the pleasant things which happen there, the fine people who pass through its rooms, and the composite ideals of its staff, all contribute to its atmosphere. In other words, that the things of the spirit count even on the market place. The Bookshop felt greatly enriched, therefore, this fall when it made the acquaintance of Cornelia Meigs, had her in the shop one day, and nearby for several weeks under conditions which made her a part of each day's thoughts.

Any one who has read Miss Meigs's books, beginning with "Master Simon's Garden" and continuing on through



Cornelia Meigs

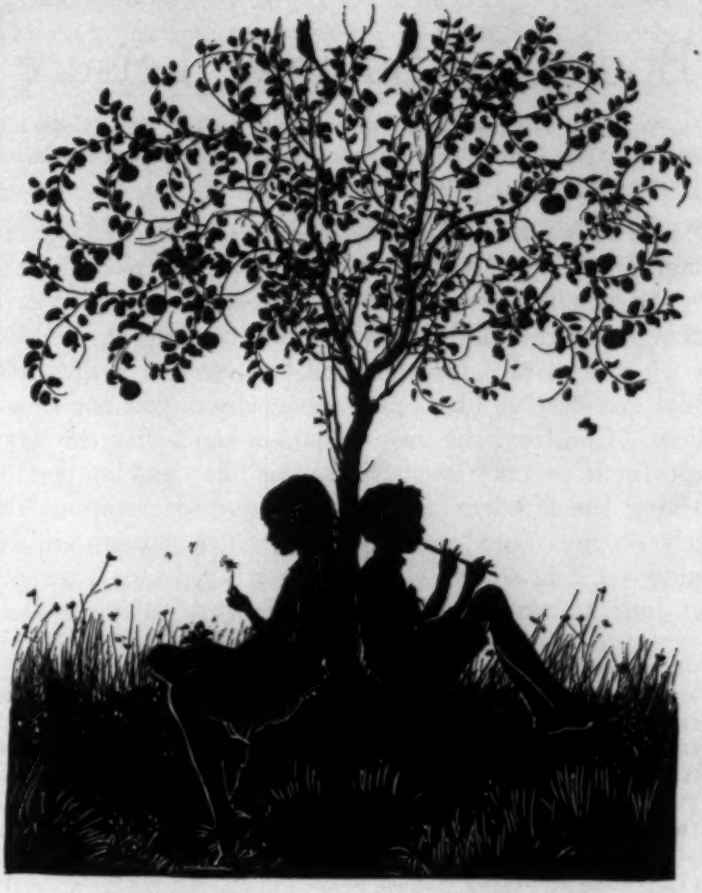
"Clearing Weather" and "The Wonderful Locomotive" of this year, knows that quality of sincerity and fineness which is inherent in all. These books really are an expression of an indomitable spirit triumphing over physical handicaps of pain and illness such as would incapacitate most of us.

The words Miss Somerville has used to describe her cousin, friend, and co-author, "Martin Ross,"* are the best possible description of Cornelia Meigs: — "a spiritual reserve and seriousness that shields her, like an armour of polished steel that reflects all, and is impenetrable. Refinement is surpassingly hers; intellectual refinement, a mental fastidiousness that rejects inevitably the phrase or sentiment that has a tinge of commonness; and over and above all, she has the refinement of sentiment, which, when it is joined with a profound sensitiveness and power of emotion, has a beauty and perfectness scarcely to be expressed in words."

Now late in February, Miss Meigs sent to the Bookshop a gift which only a personality like hers could have conceived. It was that beautiful book — "La Merveilleuse Histoire du bon St. Florentin d'Alsace," *translated* by herself, the translation typed and pasted so deftly on the pages as not to interfere anywhere with the pictures by Hansi, or the French text. From now on it will be placed where Bookshop staff and visiting boys and girls may enjoy its expression of art and imagination on the following days each year: —

May Day.
Children's Book Week in November.
St. Valentine's Day.

* In "Irish Memories."



Listen to the windmills, singing o'er the wells.
Listen to the whistling flutes without price;
Of myriad prophets out of paradise.
Harken to the wonders
That the night-air carries. . . .
Listen . . . to . . . the . . . whisper . . .
Of . . . the . . . prairie . . . fairies
Singing o'er the fairy plain:—
"Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Love and glory,
Stars and rain,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet. . . ."

*Vachel Lindsay.**

* From "Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems," by Vachel Lindsay. *Macmillan* $1.75

Books for Summer Leisure

Illustrations by Ernest H. Shepard for Kenneth Grahame's *The Golden Age* (John Lane). Quotations from Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (Charles Scribner's Sons)

"The pageant of the river bank had marched steadily along, unfolding itself in scene-pictures that succeeded each other in stately procession. Purple loosestrife arrived early, shaking luxuriant tangled locks along the edge of the mirror whence its own face laughed back at it. Willowherb, tender and wistful, like a pink sunset cloud, was not slow to follow. Comfrey, the purple hand-in-hand with the white, crept forth to take its place in the line; and at last one morning the diffident and delaying dog-rose stepped delicately on the stage, and one knew, as if string-music had announced it in stately chords that strayed into a gavotte, that June at last was here."

AUNT GREEN, AUNT BROWN, AUNT LAVENDER, by Elsa Beskow	$2.25
THE CHICKEN WORLD, by E. Boyd Smith	2.50
THE WONDERFUL LOCOMOTIVE, by Cornelia Meigs	2.00
TALES OF WISE AND FOOLISH ANIMALS, by Valery Carrick	1.50
INJUN BABIES, by Maynard Dixon	2.00
THE LION-HEARTED KITTEN, by Peggy Bacon	2.00
JUPIE FOLLOWS HIS TALE, by Neely McCoy	1.75
LITTLE DOG TOBY, by Rachel Field	1.00
A HAT TUB TALE, by Caroline Emerson	2.50
A GARLAND OF ROSES, by Rose Fyleman	3.00
THE FARM TWINS, by Lucy Fitch Perkins	1.75
NANETTE OF THE WOODEN SHOES, by Esther Brann	2.00
RUSTY PETE OF THE LAZY AB, by Nina Nicol and Doris Folger	1.75

BOOKS FOR SUMMER LEISURE

"All was a-shake and a-shiver — glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. The Mole was bewitched, entranced, fascinated. By the side of the river he trotted as one trots, when very small, by the side of a man who holds one spell-bound by exciting stories; and tired at last, he sat on the bank, while the river still chattered on to him, a babbling procession of the best stories in the world, sent from the heart of the earth to be told at last to the insatiable sea."

A Boy of the Desert, by Eunice Tietjens	2.50
The Jolly Tailor and Other Polish Fairy Tales, by Lucia Borski and Kate B. Miller	2.00
St. David Walks Again, by Christine Jope-Slade	1.25
To and Again, by Walter Brooks	2.00
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot, by Louise Pyrnelle	.75
The Begging Deer and Other Stories of Japanese Children, by Dorothy Rowe	2.00
The Pueblo Boy, by Cornelia James Cannon	2.00
The Whins on Knockattan, by Anne Casserley	1.50
Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family, by Louise Connolly	2.00
The Fossil Fountain, by Mary Frank and Arthur Mason	1.75
Father's Gone A-Whaling, by Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osborne	2.00
Holiday Pond, by Edith M. Patch	2.00
Sokar and the Crocodile, by Alice Woodbury Howard	2.00
Skip-Come-A-Lou, by Ada Claire Darby	1.75
Taktuk, an Arctic Boy, by Helen Loman and Marjorie Flack	1.75
Down in the Grass, by Harold Kellock	2.50
Swords of the Vikings, by Julia Davis Adams	2.50
The Treasure of Carcassonne, by A. Robida	2.00
Juniper Farm, by Réné Bazin	1.75
I Know a Secret, by Christopher Morley	2.00
Castles in Spain, by Bertha Gunterman	2.50
The Hunted Pickaninnies, by W. M. Fleming	2.50
The Picture Book of Flying, by Frank Tobias	2.00

"In silence they landed, and pushed through the blossom and scented herbage and undergrowth that led up to the level ground, till they stood on a little lawn of a marvellous green, set around with Nature's own orchard-trees — crab-apple, wild cherry and sloe.

" 'This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me,' whispered the Rat, as if in a trance."

LITTLE BOY LOST, by W. H. Hudson	$1.25
THE TREASURE OF THE ISLE OF MIST, by W. H. Tarn	1.75
THE KING OF MELIDO, by Winifred Peck	1.25
THE THREE MULLA MULGARS, by Walter de la Mare	2.50

"Back into speech again it passed; he was following the adventures of a dozen seaports, the fights, the escapes, the rallies, the comradeships, the gallant undertakings; or he searched islands for treasure, fished in still lagoons or dozed day-long on warm white sand."

KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE, by Ula Waterhouse Echols	$3.00
JOCK OF THE BUSHVELD, by James P. Fitzpatrick	1.75
DAVY JONES'S LOCKER, by Reed Fulton	2.00
AS THE CROW FLIES, by Cornelia Meigs	1.75
THE TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW, by Eric Kelly	2.50
THE BECKONING ROAD, by Caroline D. Snedeker	2.00
JEREMY AT CRALE, by Hugh Walpole	2.50
JUNIOR STARKE, POUNDMAN, by Linwood L. Righter	2.00

BOOKS FOR SUMMER LEISURE

TOD OF THE FENS, by Elinor Whitney	2.25
THE LUCK OF DOLOROUS TOWER, by E. M. Ward	2.00
DR. PETE OF THE SIERRAS, by Mary Montague Davis	1.75
KULLU OF THE CARTS, by John Eyton	2.50
ADVENTURE WAITS, by Helen Ferris	2.50
SAND, by Will James	2.50
THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS, by Sarah Orne Jewett	1.50
JOHNNY APPLESEED AND OTHER POEMS, by Vachel Lindsay	1.75
HOBNAILS AND HEATHER, by Clifton Lisle	2.50
THE DERELICT, by Charles Nordhoff	2.00
FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS, by A. J. Villiers	3.50
THE GIRL IN WHITE ARMOR, by Albert Bigelow Paine	2.50
BLUE WATER, by Arthur Hildebrand	1.50
STORY BOOK EUROPE, by Anne Merriman Peck	2.50
ON THE WINGS OF A BIRD, by Herbert Ravenal Sass	2.50
MEMOIRS OF A FOX HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sasoon	2.50
TARKA THE OTTER, by Henry Williamson	2.50
GOLDEN DAYS OF OUR AMERICA, by May Lamberton Becker	2.50
CREATIVE MUSIC IN THE HOME, by Satis E. Coleman	5.00
OPEN AIR PLAYS, by Harold Brighouse	.75
NEW SONGS FOR NEW VOICES, by Louis Untermeyer	5.00
MY BOOK OF PARTIES, by M. Snyder	2.00
FOLK DANCES AND SINGING GAMES, by Elizabeth Burchenal	1.50
BEGINNING TO GARDEN, by Helen Page Wodell	1.75
DWELLERS OF THE SEA AND SHORE, by William Crowder	2.25
FIELD BOOK OF WILD BIRDS, by F. Schuyler Mathews	3.50
BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS, by F. Schuyler Mathews	3.00
TREE GUIDE, by Julia Ellen Rogers	1.25
BOOK OF STARS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by William T. Olcott	3.00
BUILDING AND FLYING MODEL AIRCRAFT, by Paul Edward Garber	2.25
CARPENTRY AND MECHANICS FOR BOYS, by Albert Neely Hall	2.50
KNOTTING AND SPLICING, by Paul N. Hasluck	1.00
CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM, by Peter Adams	1.25
MERCHANT MARINE MANUAL	2.00
EVERY GIRL'S BOOK OF HOBBIES, by E. M. de Foubert	2.00
FUN WITH PAPER FOLDING, by W. D. Murray and J. Rigney	2.00
THE BOX BOOK, by Hazel F. Showalter	1.75

A VIEW HALLOO

"And away and away and away they went,
A visible song of what life meant.
Living in houses, sleeping in bed,
Going to business, all seemed dead,
Dead as death to that rush in strife
Pulse for pulse with the heart of life."
—*John Masefield in "Right Royal."*

THIS paper might be called "An Editor on Horseback" or "Riding to Hounds in Boston, Massachusetts," for it relates the experiences of a quiet New England woman, with no skill whatever in sports, who suddenly took to riding to hounds first in England and then in Ireland.

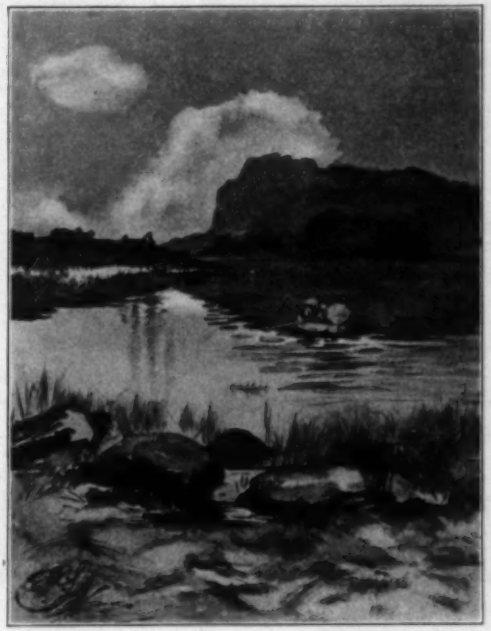
It does sound like "Alice in Wonderland," but it really is just another one of the thrilling extensions of life and living which books provide. The English experiences were had through the reading of Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man,"—how the Irish hunting happened will appear in due time.

"The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" is a true story in which the author appears as George Sherston. The reader made his acquaintance first when he was nine years old. Just about the time when that fine young groom, Tom Dixon, had persuaded George's Aunt to buy the boy his first pony. George lived with his friendly and kindly Aunt Evelyn in a comfortable old-fashioned house with a large untidy garden. The only shadow on his childhood seemed to be that his aunt did not wish him to "associate" with the village boys, which left him rather solitary and lonely. Perhaps for that reason George Sherston was the better able to bring his reader to know the quiet life of his village, with its fields, woods, birds and flowers, and to make the acquaintance of the village folk and huntsmen and horses with him.

She became, as did George, the pupil of that fine, natural teacher, Tom Dixon. For Tom Dixon certainly did his best

for George Sherston. He taught George to bowl, he taught him to ride that first pony, Rob Roy, and he taught him his position as a little gentleman chiefly by being "a perfect gentleman's servant." In fact, in a "thoroughly unsporting neighborhood," young Dixon led a lonely, sensitive boy to be a sportsman.

Dixon managed George's Aunt Evelyn in such a way that Sheila, the cob, succeeded Rob Roy; Harkaway, the



Braney's Lake

hunter, followed Sheila; and then one day George took "the first independent action" of his career and bought Cockbird. And it was on Cockbird that Sherston determined to ride in the Point to Point races. He was never able to believe that he could do a thing until he had done it, and "this tentative progress toward proficiency . . . gave intensity to everything he did."

So when finally in the Point to Point only Sherston and Brownrigg were left, the difference between them was that Brownrigg was self-contained but Sherston was "palpitating with excitement." They were side by side when Brownrigg struck his horse and dashed ahead with the planned result that Cockbird went at the fourth fence from the finish too fast, hit it hard and "pecked" badly. Cockbird's rider nearly came unstuck.

"Nearly, but not quite. For after my arrival at Cockbird's ears his recovery tipped me half way back again and he cantered on across the next field with me clinging round his neck. At one moment I was almost in the front of his chest. I said to myself, 'I *won't* fall off,' as I gradually worked my way back into the saddle. My horse was honestly following Mikado, and my fate depended on whether I could get into the saddle before we arrived at the next fence. This I just succeeded in doing, and we got over somehow. I then regained my stirrups and set off in urgent pursuit.

"After that really remarkable recovery of mine, life became lyrical, beautified, ecstatic or anything else you care to call it. To put it tersely, I just galloped past Brownrigg, sailed over the last two fences, and won by ten lengths.

"Needless to say, Dixon's was the first face I was aware of; his eager look and the way he said, 'Well done,' were beyond all doubt the quintessence of what my victory meant for me. . . . As for Cockbird, no words could ever express what we felt about him. He had become the equine equivalent of Divinity."

Just as the reader became acquainted with the village folk and huntsmen George Sherston knew, so she came to know his companions in France when the War changed the scene from the hunting fields, and to share his grief as one by one his friends were killed in action — Tom Dixon, too. The war chapters are written with the same quiet restraint as the rest of the book, which makes the source of the author's grief-stricken and disillusioned bitter war poetry all the clearer to us.

One of the fascinations of the book for some will be that although poetry is never once mentioned, page after page is filled with sensitive reports of experiences out of which poetry grows. You see the country and people through the eyes of a poet. One would own the book because it

reveals the boyhood and youth of a poet, if for no other reason. But there are other reasons, too. A young reader would own the book because it is entirely concerned with sport except for its war chapters. Its etchings of men and women full of patience, kindliness and simplicity, who were

Old Flynn Moving Along the Verge Became Idyllic

living finely as a matter-of-course and wanted no credit for anything, are another satisfying reason for ownership.

* * * * *

Now hunting in Ireland approaches. This Editor usually reads a book by pages at a galloping speed, but her enjoyment of the "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" had been such that she had read it word for word, in the same spirit that one listens eagerly for fear of missing a word spoken by a quiet, low-toned, significant voice. So that when a

few weeks later found her in a beautiful region of the Blue Ridge Mountains, her spirit still remained a-hunting with Sherston and Tom Dixon. She had carried many books, but scorned them all and ranged the house for ones just to her liking. Nothing suited, nothing suited, until she found a volume by Somerville and Ross. She had read more than once "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." Now she remembered there was hunting in these books, and fell upon "All on the Irish Shore." She realized, too, that owing to her ignorance of it, the hunting in them had been subordinated previously to her interest in the Irish characters and the movement of the stories. She was not even a rider in those days. But now, after her tutelage with George Sherston under Tom Dixon, these books came "alive" in a new way.

Accustomed only to the comparatively calm riding of George Sherston's mild English region, she came to learn the meaning of the words, "He's been hunting a good rough country in Ireland," as they said of Sherston's friend, the young Master of Hounds. On the steep, mist-covered hillsides of West Galway, high above cliffs and the sea, the words took on acute, precipitous meaning. Take this hill for instance: —

"A path with the angles of a flash of lightning indicated the views of the local cow as to the best method of dealing with the situation. Daniel and I accepted this . . . and labored upwards parallel with the covert, while the wind, heavy with mist, came down to meet us, and shoved against us like a living thing. We gained at length a shelf on the hillside, . . . I coerced Daniel into the bed of a stream as offering the best going available. It led me into a cleft between the hillside and the wall of the covert, which later was, like a thing in a fairy tale, changing very gradually from a wall into a bank. I ascended the cleft and presently found that it, too, was changing its nature, and becoming a flight of stairs. Daniel clattered slowly and carefully up them, basing his feet, like Sir Bedivere, on 'juts of slippery crag that rang sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels.' " *

This was going up, but one had also to *come down.* Now the Editor had been relieved — as indeed was George Sherston himself — to find how seldom one saw the fox, when

* From "In Mr. Knox's Country."

hunting in England, but in Ireland what with the whins, the caves and all, one almost never saw him, while one tore madly and ferociously up and down such wild regions as Lonen Hill, often in weather as wild as the region.

The fit being on her in Tryon, she tore through "All on the Irish Shore" and "Dan Russel the Fox," and paused perforce for breath. Even when in Boston again, life took on a serious and laborious cast, she must, notwithstanding, spend all her nights with wild riders in Ireland. And she raced through "In Mr. Knox's Country," and not content to ride alone she thought of a lad down the state who read and re-read Surtees. So while pursuing a first English edition of the "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" for him, she started him off on the same mad orgy and now, after three Somerville and Ross volumes have gone down to him, all the rest have to go.

As for the Editor herself, she still rode on and on, — through "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." AGAIN, and through "The Further Experiences." Important spring books stood about her rooms in piles waiting to be read. An article for an educational journal on new spring books glowered to be written. But the Editor could stop only to find out more about the authors of these rushing tales which gave such perfect pleasure. They are wonderful short stories, most of them, and go off like spiral rockets.

They are so rich in humor that one laughs aloud. Think of Major Yeates and Philippa his wife at the auction at Harrington's. Major Yeates owns a long ladder but seldom possesses it; it is always away on loan. No wonder he bids for another long ladder and gets it for 30 shillings. And then when the Yeateses drive away they hear Cantillon, the sweep, say to his assembled friends: —

"It pinched me like death when they told me the Major had that ladder bought. Wasn't it the mercy of God them chaps Mr. Knox has at the kennels had it lent to the Mahonys, and them that's here took it from the Mahonys in a hurry the time Mr. Harrington died! And through all it was the Major's (own) ladder."

" 'Of all sitivations under the sun, none is more enviable or 'onerable than that of a Master of Fox 'ounds,' Mr. Jorrocks has observed." Miss Somerville has been Master of the West Carbery Fox Hounds in Cork since her brother gave up the Mastership in 1903. She began her riding to hounds just about the time she took pencil to draw, — that is, as a little girl of five. Since that time she has continued riding, drawing and painting.

Her cousin, Violet Martin, was four years younger than Miss Somerville and the two met when they were, as they thought, "well stricken in years," that is, "Martin Ross" was a little over twenty and Edith Somerville just past twenty-four. Miss Somerville's home at West Carbery was a beautiful region but the Galway home of Miss Martin seems to have been a place of magic. Lakes, woods and "the brown mountain, Groagh-Keenan" — all were there. And Miss Martin was a little girl "entirely fearless and reckless and desperately short-sighted, full of emulation and the irrepressible love of a lark." The childhood memories of both these delightful women may be read in "Some Irish Yesterdays." Miss Martin had always a great passion for literature. She was the youngest in a family of eleven — "a brilliant, free-going, family crowd." "They taught her to brush their hair, and read her the poets while she was thus employed" — "dragged her into things instead of keeping her out."

Miss Martin died in 1917. Miss Somerville has given a very complete picture of her friend in "Irish Memories," but through the books is gained a satisfactory picture of her own rarely fine, strong, and originally creative personality. It means a great deal to be able to write as Miss Somerville does — "To be young, and very ardent, and to achieve what you have most desired, and to find that it brings full measure and running over — all those privileges were mine."

Back of their books lies a wonderful friendship. The very first writing the two cousins did together was "a

solemnly preposterous work, a dictionary of the words and phrases peculiar to our family, past and present, with derivations and definitions — the definitions being our opportunity." They began "An Irish Cousin" in October, 1887, to the great scorn and resentment of their family, who referred to the work as "that nonsense of the girls." Their writing sprang, as did Miss Edgeworth's, out of the life they knew and lived, and they determined to write of it without exaggeration.

The Egregious Slipper

They made their books through a process of conversation. "One or the other — not infrequently both, simultaneously — would state a proposition. This would be argued, combated perhaps, approved or modified; it would then be written down by the (wholly fortuitous) holder of the pen, would be scratched out, scribbled in again; before it found itself finally transferred into decorous MS. would probably have suffered many things, but it would, at all

events, have had the advantage of having been well aired." Their books are all illustrated by Miss Somerville.

The comments of the family on the early work are delightful. Miss Somerville's sister thought "Martin Ross" was "too refined, and too anxious not to have anything in their book that was ever in any one else's book." Her mother, on the other hand, "complained bitterly of the want of love interest . . ." " 'only squeezing her hand, my dear!' " She said she *"liked* improprieties."

While the family did not think well of the writing and disliked having it known, they did themselves "blazon it to the ends of the earth," and their relationship was so vast that it made "an advertising agency of the most far-reaching and pervasive nature."

> "*Have* you 'An Irish Cousin'?" was demanded at a Portsmouth Bookshop.
>
> "No, madam," the bookseller replied, with hauteur, "I have no H'Irish relations."

Of course, you feel as you read the Somerville and Ross books that the characters are all real, but from a reading of "Irish Memories" and "Some Irish Yesterdays," it is easy to see how the people in their books have been compounded. And Miss Somerville says indisputably, "Of all the people of whom we have written, three only have had any direct prototype in life. One was 'Slipper,' another was 'Maria,' both of whom are in 'Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.,' and the other was 'The Real Charlotte.' Slipper's identity is negligible. So is Maria's. She who inspired Charlotte had left this world before we began to write books."

To any English-reading human being who loves life, laughter and a good time, we recommend all their books. Things have changed very much in Ireland since the days of Miss Somerville and Miss Martin's youth. Let us hope, however, that as Ireland works out its political salvation "the spark which is lit by a coal taken from the altar and is for want of a better term called originality" will not vanish

from its midst. And may there still be many little boys all over the world who invoke the spirit, if not the letter, of Miss Somerville's six-year-old nephew, one "Patrick's Day in the Morning" —

"And oh, Lord God, make it a good day for hunting and make me sit straight on Kelpie and show me how to hold my reins."

B. E. M.

* * *

Books to which this article refers:

THE MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN, by Siegfried Sassoon *Coward, McCann* $2.50

Edith O. Somerville and "Martin Ross"

"IRISH MEMORIES" — A book about the two authors and their books.

"SOME IRISH YESTERDAYS" — In which the authors have pooled childhood experiences and memories.

"STRAYAWAYS" — Articles and "Stray Writings" of "Martin Ross."

An Intricate and Variously Moving Tide of People

The following books are collections of short stories in all of which the same people appear, Major Sinclair Yeates, Resident Magistrate, who is always the relater; Philippa, his wife; Flurry Knox and his wife; Lady Knox and Sally, her daughter; Mrs. Knox and many others:

"Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."
"The Further Experiences of an Irish R. M."
"In Mr. Knox's Country"
"All on the Irish Shore"

* * *

Other stories with different characters but the same delightful atmosphere: —

"An Irish Cousin"
"Mount Music"
"The Silver Fox"
A Sinn Fein Novel.
"The Real Charlotte" — An interesting realistic novel quite different from all the other books.

All these books are published by Longmans, Green & Co.

* * *

Books written by Miss Somerville since the death of her friend, "Martin Ross": —

"French Leave" (*Houghton, Mifflin*)
"The End of the House of Inver" (*Doubleday, Doran*)

Note: — Perhaps some will do as did the above-mentioned Editor, top off a similar orgy with John Masefield's "Right Royal."

* * *

The illustrations in this article are reproduced through the courtesy of Longmans, Green from Miss Somerville's water colors and drawings for "The Further Experiences of an Irish R. M."

HORACE E. SCUDDER

By Alice M. Jordan

A DESIRE to hand on to the younger generation a love of books that have enriched one's own life has been the animating motive for countless articles on children's reading and book lists prepared in the last thirty years. So ardently and seriously have we employed ourselves in this agreeable occupation that we have forgotten, perhaps, to give due honor to those leaders who had definite convictions about good reading for children before there were any children's librarians or children's editors in publishing houses. They deserve better of us. In the twenty-five years from 1870-1895 the two dominating influences affecting for good the production of children's literature in America were the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, under the editorship of Mary Mapes Dodge in New York, and the editorial work of Horace E. Scudder in Boston. Believing that books for children should be judged by the same standards of criticism that govern the consideration of general literature, both Mrs. Dodge and Mr. Scudder made certain demands upon their contributors. Each had tireless energy and finely balanced judgment. So they set themselves to the task of providing boys and girls with reading that was worthy of their intelligence in the hope that young people would thus learn to distinguish the good from the bad for themselves.

Horace E. Scudder was a New Englander, the youngest son in a family of seven children, boys all but one. He seems to have been generously endowed with a strong sense of spiritual values, a love of music and art, and a discerning literary taste. During his years at college the Greek poets were his great delight and all through life he read from the Greek Testament every day. When he graduated from Williams College at twenty years of age he held the determination to pursue a literary career of some kind, though as yet he did not see his course plainly. His first published work grew out of his friendship for children. A little handful of

fanciful stories, written in that exquisite handwriting which he retained all his life, illustrated by himself and tied with ribbons, remain as witnesses of the pains he took to give enjoyment to his younger friends. These early stories show the tender sympathy Mr. Scudder always had with child life. They are permeated by a spirit of kinship with the imaginary world so real to children and to those older persons who have been blessed with an inborn gift of mysticism.

In this day of specialization it is easy to forget that there was little sound criticism of children's books in the late sixties. So when Mr. Scudder introduced a series of articles on "Books for Young People" into a children's magazine which he had planned, it was a true innovation. *The Riverside Magazine,* whose brief existence of four years (1867-1870) was marked by this unusual feature, was his first venture as an editor. His editorials written to introduce the subject of children's reading and express his views on the parents' responsibility for making a right choice are full of meat. "What is it to a child," he asks, "whether a book was first published in hot haste this Christmas or has lain on the counters for a year, and is now, maybe, rather dull in cloth beside its new companions, though then it was thought brilliant enough? We may as well discard at once all such unnecessary considerations as when a book was published, or where it was published, and come right at the gist of the matter and ask if it is *good,* — good in itself and adapted to the reader for whom we are buying it."

And again, "We shall pay no very close attention to the line which divides books written for the young from books written for the old, but making a survey of literature, single out those writings which are worth giving to a child and for an acquaintance with which he will always hold us in grateful remembrance."

It was a delightful monthly, *The Riverside Magazine for Young People.* Think of looking forward to reading every month or so a new story by Hans Christian Andersen never before published! For several of these made their first

appearance through the pages of *The Riverside Magazine* and were later printed in Denmark. There was much good poetry, too, ballads and famous verse as well as stories by some of the best writers of the day. But in the care bestowed upon the illustrations *The Riverside Magazine* struck a wholly new note for its time. To obtain pictures that he considered worthy of putting before children, Mr. Scudder searched far and wide. The measure of his success is indicated by the list of illustrations for 1867, which includes the names of John La Farge, Thomas Nast, Winslow Homer, E. B. Bensell, H. L. Stephens and F. O. C. Darley. "I did my best," said he in speaking of this feature, "to obtain pictures of child life from painters who were not mere professional book illustrators. It was only now and then that I was able to obtain any simple, unaffected design, showing an understanding of a child's figure and face." A few years after *The Riverside Magazine* ceased publication some of its valued contributors became closely connected with *St. Nicholas,* started by Mary Mapes Dodge in 1873. Frank Stockton, whose "Ting-a-ling" appeared in *The Riverside,* was associate editor of the new magazine, which reached the high water mark of excellence in juvenile periodicals. Mr. Scudder was warmly interested in its development and was content to have it in his home for his daughter to read with her Andersen and Grimm, Mrs. Ewing and George Macdonald.

As a member of the house of Hurd and Houghton, the predecessors of the Houghton, Mifflin Company, a connection established in 1872, Mr. Scudder had still greater opportunity to emphasize the importance of children's reading. About this time he was writing for the *New York Tribune:* "This distinction between books for children and books for their elders, so purely a creation of the last hundred years, ought to be abolished in our schools, and the better lesson taught of the common inheritance held by children with their parents in the great literature of the nation and parent country. If it is objected that this is impossible,

that children cannot understand classic English literature, we reply — try them and see." The idea of the "Riverside Literature Series for Young People" began to take shape in his mind. The impulse toward this series of whole works instead of fragments for the use of schools came from his dissatisfaction with the old-fashioned school readers. These, he felt, contained many scraps, sometimes from excellent sources but very seldom of the first quality. Mr. Scudder's theory was that anything in English and American literature which lives by virtue of its common acceptance may safely be made a part of the school curriculum. But he wanted reading to be a joy and not a task. The right kind of reading should be chosen "to stimulate interest, rouse the imagination and fix the attention, reading at the same time healthy and sound and which shall lead to better things in the future." In this series of worthwhile literature designed largely for use in schools the format and the low cost played important parts. Each regular number in paper covers cost but fifteen cents and was of a size to go easily into pockets for reading at leisure. Longfellow's "Evangeline" was the first poem selected for the series, a natural choice at that period. But later numbers went farther and put a great store of English as well as American classics within the reach of young people with slender resources. Unquestionably, the "Riverside Literature Series" has been a great influence in the forming of taste and appreciation in countless young people, in school and out.

What were the children's books published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company during the years when Mr. Scudder was its literary adviser? Sarah Orne Jewett, who had written for *The Riverside Magazine,* brought them "Betty Leicester," this year reissued in new and attractive form. Eliza Orne White's first stories for children, "When Molly Was Six" and "A Little Girl of Long Ago," belong to those years. There were books by Joel Chandler Harris, and Mrs. Whitney, Whittier's lovely anthology, "Child Life," and many others. Especially important were the two vol-

umes of Hans Christian Andersen's work which Mr. Scudder regarded so highly that he studied Danish himself in order to be assured of the integrity of the translation. For years now these books have been considered the most complete and satisfactory in point of text published in this country.

Faithful adherence to the best version of a traditional work was his fixed principle. In this Scudder sets an example for other editors of the old folk tales and fables. His splendid collection, "The Children's Book," published in 1881, has never been equalled in comprehensiveness and authenticity. Miss Hewins said of it, "A child who has it for a companion knows the best that has been written in English for children."

With the exception of his life of Washington, still recognized as among the best of the one-volume lives of Washington, the creative work that Mr. Scudder intended for children has not lived. His volumes of fanciful stories, graceful in style and sympathetic though they are, make little appeal to the modern child. The doings of the active and inquisitive Bodley family have had their day of popularity and been superseded by other fashions in travel books. Yet, on fresh examination the eight volumes will be found to contain much information often amusingly imparted. They admit also ballads and legends and short stories from history which might even now be read to young children profitably. But perhaps Horace Scudder's original work is best represented for our purpose in the collection of addresses given as a Lowell Institute course in 1882 and published later under the title, "Childhood in Literature and Art." This group of addresses dedicated to his daughter shows Mr. Scudder at his best. Because he loved his subject he wrote with enthusiasm and charm. They bear the marks of a scholar's wide research among classical writers and of an equally wide study of mediæval art. To choose the changing aspects of child life as revealed in literature from Homer to Wordsworth for discussion in such a course of lectures

is sufficient proof of the importance he gave it. Extensive reading and the thought of many years lie behind these essays. They are enriched by many allusions, many touching extracts, such as the tender passage in Homer where Hector takes leave of Andromache and little Astyanax. Following child life through these pages brings us in contact with many great works of art. Two chapters at the end of the book hold a special appeal. These are the chapter on Hans Christian Andersen and the one on "Childhood in American Literary Art." In the last there is much wise and discriminating comment upon Hawthorne's work and on later tendencies in children's books. But in his appreciation of Andersen's art Mr. Scudder has greatly served our time. No one else in America has done so much to show the ingenuity and wit, the play of imagination, the form and grace of Andersen's delicate fairy tales. Even a factual minded person might be drawn to read Andersen by this glowing introduction.

As author and editor Mr. Scudder touched various fields and left a considerable number of works dealing with American history and biography as well as essays in keen literary criticism. But we cannot help feeling that he would wish to be remembered not so much for these or by his years as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* but rather, as he is, by his fundamental part in the establishment of a sane attitude toward children's books and reading.

THE BECKONING ROAD

By Caroline Dale Snedeker

Editor's Note: — On June 21, Mrs. Caroline Dale Snedeker's new book, "The Beckoning Road," will be published. This continues the story of "Downright Dencey." In an interesting article which Mrs Snedeker wrote for the Horn Book of March, 1926, she told of her childhood and the New Harmony colony. Horn Book subscribers still possessing that number may like to re-read it. Unfortunately the number is now out of print.

"THE Beckoning Road," sequel to "Downright Dencey," is not a sequel in the old Latin sense of that word. For my first idea in writing Dencey was to tell of a little girl of New England who should emigrate west to my own dear town of New Harmony, Indiana. It was all one story from the beginning.

Robert Owen

The exodus from that small land of New England so poor in soil, so rich in spiritual attainment, seemed in itself a story of emotion and event. The partings where no meetings were likely to be again, the leaving of the ordered

home — those homes which even yet breathe peace — for the rough, unendless forest of the then West, the crude hut, the wolves, the lawlessness — all this was adventure and tragedy. However, emigration as such does not appeal to me. There is no virtue in moving from one place to another. Most often it indicates failure in the place from which the move is made. As for the habitual pioneer who dragged his unwilling wife from one cabin to the next so fast as she had gathered comforts in each, taking her ever farther "outside" — that seems only cruel and restless. Emigration must have a purpose to make it noble.

The emigration to my own town of New Harmony was of this unusual sort. A dream of changing the whole world to a better world (no less!) carried the people out to my little town. It was not founded for gain but for an ideal. Robert Owen was its leader.

The best of these high-minded emigrants came down the Ohio together in a keel boat. They called the boat *The Philanthropist,* for truly they were lovers of men. But the people of New Harmony were so impressed with the learning of these men and women that they dubbed the craft: "The Boatload of Knowledge." My grandmother told me often of the brilliant, interesting life on that rude boat as it floated (it had no power of any sort) on its month-long journey. She herself had been too young to be of that life but she knew its story.

I wanted Dencey to become part of that company. She and the Coffin family might be rescued from the bitter trials of pioneering by the Boatload of Knowledge. So that is what happens in "The Beckoning Road," for it is one of the joys of writing to make happen what one will.

Tom Coffin, the whaler, with his love of botanical studies, was destined for Harmony from the beginning. The desire for scientific attainment was to send him to New Harmony. Curiously enough, after framing this as pure fiction I discovered that a Macey from Nantucket came to New Harmony in its early days and was David Dale Owen's assistant in geology. History is sometimes obliging like that.

Dencey, being what she was, took to the pioneer life with avidity. She cooked over the camp fire, kept watch in the forest at night and even shot a panther — by mistake! But most of all she loved what I loved. And that was the daily affairs of New Harmony. She loved the teachers whom, as a little girl, I so wished I might have had as my own, the learned scholars at whose feet I longed to sit, and indeed did sit at the feet of one of them. He a very old man and I a young child. Often after writing these chapters I would be so intensely in the old days that I would awaken in the morning with the deep impression that I had been talking with these folk of the past, had felt their friendliness and response, the love for me which they as my own people would inevitably have had, could we have met within the portals of time.

From earliest childhood I have been entranced by the thought of that little island of learning in the midst of the wilderness — New Harmony. It was a bit of scientific London, of scholarly Edinburgh, brilliant Paris set in the midst of the wilderness of Indiana. Only after weeks of forest travel could it be reached. The wilderness hardship and ignorance flowed all about it. At times invaded its borders.

The Early Buildings of the Community as Sketched by a Contemporary

"We disapproved of you," said one of the descendants of the forest dwellers to the Harmony folk of our later day. "We did not like you at all. You were dangerous people. Your queer new notions would upset the world. We would have liked to drive you out."

Here was pioneering indeed, to thrill the heart and stir the blood.

Of course the mystery of Jetsam's mother is cleared up in "The Beckoning Road." That, too, was from the beginning. As for the shooting in the streets of New Harmony, which comes so unexpectedly into the story, it is matched by one of my childish recollections. I did not hear shooting in the streets but I did see the violent death of one of the rough countrymen, "Faux Islanders" they were called, while I, a tiny girl, was standing on the white-columned porch of grandma's house.

March 26, 1929.

Mrs. Snedeker's books are:

THE BECKONING ROAD, 1929
DOWNRIGHT DENCEY, 1927
THE PERILOUS SEAT
THERAS AND HIS TOWN
THE SPARTAN

"CARAVANS TO SANTA FÉ"
"RAQUEL OF THE RANCH COUNTRY"
"THE DRAGON FLY OF ZUÑI"

REVIEWED BY MARY M. DAVIS
Author of *Dr. Pete of the Sierras*

FOUNDED on history, and reflecting the glamour and traditions of Old Spain in a new setting of our own Southwest, "Caravans to Santa Fé," by Alida Sims Malkus, takes us back one hundred years to days of glorious adventuring. The town of Santa Fé, where the book begins, and back to which all the by-trails of the story lead, was in those days "a little town of ancient crooked streets sleeping in the sun, entirely shut away from outside civilization, a bit of Old Spain lying in rare and mellow beauty in the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo."

Admittedly the belle of this outpost of Old Spain was beautiful Consuelo Lopez, daughter of haughty and influential Don Anabel Lopez. Consuelo, had she followed the tradition of her race and her father's wishes, should have married Don Tiburcio, "a true Son of the Conquerors of the New World," and leader of his own caravans up the Cordilleras from Mexico. But instead, fate gave to Steven Mercer, young trader of New Orleans, the key to her heart.

Young Steven, at the age of eighteen, failing to get his father's consent, ran away from home to join a caravan of "fifteen wagons, fifty men and more than three times that many animals." The seven hundred and fifty mile trip was beset by every hazard of those perilous days. To transport their cargo over the Santa Fé Trail men defied death in the parched desert, and torture by Indians.

Nor were Steven's adventures over when the end of the Red Trail led him, and the caravan, through the gates of Santa Fé, lazily awaiting the treasures which men gladly risked their lives to bring. Intrigue, jealousy, hot Spanish anger and stiff Spanish pride play their parts to keep the

lovers apart, only by their melting, to bind them more firmly in the end.

The author lacked neither information nor material for her story. From years of living in the Southwest, her knowledge of frontier adventure is accurate, her impressions of the country are first hand. Yet, in place of swift action, which would whirl the reader through the pages in a glow of adventure, the mind lags. Too much description delays the interest and fails to color the vivid life of that day. Information, uncloaked, blurs a mirror in which moving images should, merely by their passing, tell their own tale. And may it be suggested that the padding of superfluous words does not improve style? The story lacks life.

When Raquel Daniels of the Ranch Country went to The Towers, fashionable school for girls on the Hudson, the whole country lay between her and her Texas ranch home. In every way, the gap was as great as is the difference in fragrance between alfalfa, fresh mown, and the distilled perfumes of France. The reason for Raquel's sudden transplanting from her native soil is that her father, having sold more than 70,000 head of cattle in four years, decides the time is ripe to give his only daughter a "schooling." Ill at ease, shy, proud, Raquel would have had a lonely time at school but for Anne Marvin, who, daughter of the East, had yet an instant appreciation of the little unpolished gem from Texas.

After three months at The Towers, Raquel is abruptly summoned home to be "Boss" of the Lazy L because her "Dad" and three brothers have signed up for service in the World War. Her schoolmates, whose chief service to their country has been in selling fudge and dancing with homesick soldiers, suddenly realize the little Texan is an honor to the school, and so Raquel leaves The Towers, not an "outlaw," but applauded for the real part she is to play for her country.

Back on home ground, Raquel faces her problems gallantly and almost single handed. Georgie, her small, de-

voted brother, is her chief aid and plays a manly part in all the adventures of the young "Boss." With spirit Raquel fights her enemies, mountain lions, coyotes, wildcats, and man, for one of "Dad's" trusted hands proves to be a cattle rustler, and the man who should have helped her ship her cattle in time to pay her notes, proves her worst enemy, and all but brings failure to Raquel's best efforts. In spite of all mischance, however, the cattle are shipped, the notes are paid and Raquel justifies the trust of her "Dad."

Wishing to do her full share in feeding her country's soldiers, Raquel and Georgie ride in disguise over the Mexican border, hoping to buy a fresh herd to fatten on their own land. Their adventures and hair-breadth escapes are innumerable, but quick wit saves them and brings them safe home, driving a hard-won herd in triumph to their own ranch. One of the best touches in the book is Raquel's gift of "gentling horses," and her capture and taming of a wild horse which she names Paintbrush and which becomes her better-than-human pal, leaves a glow in the heart of every Westerner. Other characters play their part and help to weave the plot to a happy ending. If only the author would make us feel somehow, in the midst of the complete picture of the cattle country, the tingle of the free life of the saddle!

To those interested in the customs and traditions of the Indians of the pueblos in the Southwest, "The Dragon Fly of Zuñi" will be welcome, for Mrs. Malkus has founded her story on facts. In keeping with her subject are the black and white illustrations by Erick Berry.

Squash Blossom, most beautiful of Zuñi maidens, is the heroine of the tale, and through the bitter incidents of her life, stoically endured, we see unrolled the life, the customs, the traditions of her race. A blending of modern teaching and ancient lore is the foundation of Squash Blossom's intelligence, for she has been sent, like all other children of the pueblos, to the government schools, and yet, in times of crisis, she turns unswervingly to Withered Plum, the Wise Old One of the Zuñi, who is mystically wise, as surely as a

compass needle wavers to the north. The false accusation of Lalio, Squash Blossom's brother, and his subsequent disappearance; the grief and silent endurance of her mother, Loló-itsi; her rejection of Blue Feather, her young Koshare suitor from Zia, till Lalio shall be re-instated in the Zuñi tribe; her deep friendship with Withered Plum in whose wisdom she trusts and who, in return friendship, gives her the priceless secret guarded by the Dragon Fly of Zuñi, all go to weave the tale of Squash Blossom through many tribulations to a happy ending.

We learn much of the life of the pueblos. We attend the Corn Dance in summer, and the Shalako in November, when the Zuñi welcome the giant couriers of the Rain Gods. We tremble when "Zuñi, strongest of the pueblos, fortified by the desert, has at last had her land and water invaded by thieves — white thieves." We are relieved when, through the efforts of Blue Feather, the Government gives back to the Indians their rights of water and clay, and their rights to hold, unrebuked, their traditional dances and ceremonies.

We cannot but feel, however, that many pages give too prolonged accounts of the details of pottery making. However interesting an art in itself, the details of its making and baking do delay the main flow of the story. And may we suggest that our interest throughout would be kept at a higher pitch, did not an anti-climax too often meet us at the point when we fully expected nothing less than a climax? For instance, the book begins well, but just as our real interest is aroused in Lalio, accused of witchcraft and perhaps to be hung by his thumbs for it, we are sidetracked into a description of Squash Blossom's spring housecleaning. Once again under way, we see Loló-itsi, Lalio's mother, wearily returning to her roof house after a hard day of clay hunting. Squash Blossom tells her, after the delay of supper, that Lalio may be even now hanging by his thumbs. Terrified for her son's safety, Loló-itsi, spurred by anxiety, which you certainly believe is immediate, is suddenly diverted by the arrival of Blue Feather. Instead of dashing headlong

down the ladder which leads from her roof house to the ground, Loló-itsi seats herself and talks "in low tones of the Pueblo peoples, and Blue Feather learned of Lalio's plight." After a page or two more of suspense, you find Lalio has already been hanging for two hours by his thumbs, and under the torture has confessed to a crime he did not, nor could not, commit!

"Make us see, feel, and draw breath in the Southwest, the country you know and love, more by the swift action of your characters, less by the deliberate description of your pen," is our chief plea to the author, who has given us three books from her own corner of the country.

Those who read Mrs. Malkus's article in the February Horn Book — "Two Thousand Miles of Background" — will now add her name to the list of Americans who are writing books for young people out of the stimulus of a certain loved region and its historical background. Mrs. Davis was asked to review Mrs. Malkus's books because of her love for the West, and also because she had herself written a good story. As often as is possible the Horn Book likes to have its books reviewed by people who are themselves authors, and since the quarterly is nothing if not a writer's workshop, each reviewer is expected to write freely. Friendly, honest, able and constructive criticism is not too easily had and should be prized. From the Horn Book's standpoint books are not reviewed at all unless they have a certain degree of excellence. That they have faults — and what books have not? — means that their author has still the delight of travel ahead.—*The Editors.*

GROWING UP

By Monica Burrell Owen

"You were once a little tiny speck of jelly."

WHAT magic password, revealing to us hidden treasures of gold and jewels, could be more fascinating than that amazing sentence? For Open Sesames and caves of gleaming riches belong in a fairy world where anything may happen that our fancy suggests, but *these* magic words open to us wonders even more marvelous than any stories that can be imagined. For this world is not a fairy one, but is real and true, and belongs to you and me, for we live in it and are part of it.

Nothing is so interesting as life, and all of us, no matter how old and wise we may be, have wondered where we came from, how we started to be alive, and why we are ourselves. Understanding people are coming to think more and more that to know the answers to these questions is a very real part of every child's birthright, but many grown-ups do not feel able to give those answers truthfully and simply so that very small children may understand them. Now two books have been written, to help open the doors into the world of the science of life and living things, so that even if you are only six years old, you may understand.

The first is called, "How You Began," and is a child's introduction to biology, by Amabel Williams-Ellis. Side by side, the stories of animal evolution and embryology are told, all simply and all truthfully. It begins with a preface by J. B. S. Haldane, a scientist himself, who tells how real a need this little book meets, and how truly it tells one of the most wonderful stories in the world.

Then come the magic sentences, "You were once a little tiny speck of jelly. You had no hands, no feet, or arms, or legs, or head." And just as you grew, little by little, because you *had* to grow, from a lump into a tube of jelly, so the story of tiny protozoa, like small lumps of plasticine, who had to

grow, too, in order to live at all, is told. You grew a backbone so you wouldn't have to sit still like a pillow, in a heap. You had funny little gills, and you had a tail, and a coat of fine, fluffy fur. You were really playing over, all by yourself in a short time, the story that animals and fish and birds have lived, for about ninety million years.

Then, when you had grown eyes, and ears and a nose, you found you had telegraph wires, to send messages to your brain — for you had a tiny brain by now.

The story of how beavers, eagles and bears, and their grandchildren lived on, because they were clever, while the poor old dinosaur, without many brains, is gone, and his children with him, is told so simply and yet so excitingly that you will want to go on thinking about it by yourself.

There is an extra chapter at the end, for answers to all kinds of questions: why rabbits live in holes instead of trees, and why armadillos wear armour. And there is a chart which tells it all on one single page.

The other book of magic that is true is called "Growing Up," by Karl de Schweinitz. Younger children will find this a wonder book to look at, even if they can't read it alone, as it is full of delightful pictures which tell much of the story all by themselves.

"Growing Up" tells more about human life than "How You Began," for it describes how your own life came to be in the very beginning, and why you had to grow. It is, as the author says, "a story that has happened to each one of us, the story of the beginning of your life and of my life and of the lives of all the other people in the world."

It is hard to believe, if you are small and grown-ups so very large, that every one in the world, even fathers and mothers, was once smaller than the little specks that dance in a sunbeam, — but it is true. There is a black square on one page of this book, with a tiny white dot in the middle of it — a white dot ten times larger than the earliest beginnings of you or me.

The story goes on with talks about nests, all kinds of

nests; nests in flowers for baby seeds, the watery nests, warmed by the sun, for fishes' eggs, the nests for fluffy chickens, nests for baby calves, and nests for human babies. There are pictures of all these nests for children to look at, to help them to understand, and to remember.

Then comes a whole chapter on the beginnings of life itself. The golden pollen on the stamens of flowers, how bees and butterflies help make apples and pears and cherries — these are explained, and the author tells fully the need for eggs and sperms in making all life, from plants and animals to human beings. That is the greatest value of this little book — the whole of the truth is told so that there need be no further wonderings.

After you started growing, you were fed, and pictures as well as the written account show how you changed and grew until you came to look like the tiny baby your mother tells you you used to be. Last of all, you learn why roses are red, why the peacock has such gorgeous colors, and why the turkey gobbler gobbles and sweeps his tail along the ground. All this knowledge is linked to homes and families, to fathers and mothers, to you and me.

The two books supplement each other. The first is a history of all living beings and their development in relation to our own. The second is a more intimate chronicle of a human life from its first moment. Most of us, after reading them with our children, will feel, with Mr. Haldane in the preface to "How You Began," that these books have made us very angry with the remainder of the human race, including ourselves, who did not write them.

How You Began, by Amabel Williams-Ellis *Coward, McCann*
Growing Up, by Karl de Schweinitz *Macmillan*

A FRIENDLY SPY

Paper read by Teddy Bear upon his return from the *Dolls' Convention* before a meeting of The Society for Promoting Bears, New York City

FRIENDS and Associates: As you all know, I was delegated to attend the Dolls' Convention which was held in Boston at The Bookshop for Boys and Girls from February 14-28. It was something of a difficult, not to say dangerous undertaking that was given me, and if things had turned out otherwise than what they did, I should probably have returned on a stretcher, showing scratches, bites, bare patches, and other signs of assault and battery. The convention was convening upon a subject not entirely friendly to us, — Are Animals (following in the wake of Pooh, Piglet, and the Others) Replacing Dolls in the Home, School, and Playground?

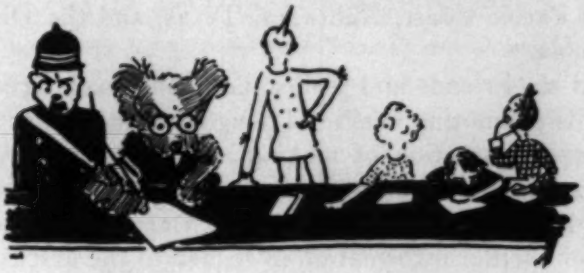
As soon as I reached the city, I felt a certain atmosphere that gave me the assurance that there was something doing, yes, my friends, something doing even in that prosaic city. I said to myself, "Teddy, you must be on the alert, you must not be caught napping." In other words I said, "Teddy, you must BEAR up." With these words in my heart I pulled my cap well over my face, turned up the collar of my coat, and walked boldly in at 270 Boylston Street.

What was my amazement to find the place alive with dollegates. Along the walls were long benches which were already well filled. I was struck dumb by the colorful and entrancing spectacle that rose before my eyes. Such lovely golden locks! Such flashing rows of teeth! Such lustrous eyes! Such rosy cheeks! Friends, we are but drab creatures in comparison. Have we not inherited in our dreams a vision of

the beautiful Goldylocks? Bears, if you can believe it, on all sides of me I saw Goldylocks. Even as I looked around me, a hush fell upon the gay and mirthful assembly. Suddenly as if at a signal all the dollegates sprang up and a cry rent the air. "Spy! Spy! Spy!" I felt a blow upon the back, and when I came to myself, lo, I was hedged in with chairs in a narrow space in what seemed to be a dolls' house, and an ugly, square-jawed bulldog stood in front of me snarling.

Alas! I thought how sadly I have failed in my mission. Here am I a prisoner and what chance have I of returning well-informed of the convention doings? For three whole days I was kept in misery and uncertainty. Only a hum of voices reached my ears and occasionally a dollegate peeped in at me, uttered a stifled shriek, and departed. The third morning I was visited by the Chairman of the Convention, even Signor Pinocchio himself. He was a jolly soul with a long nose and quizzical expression. "Come, come!" he said, "this will never do. A vote has been taken and you are to be given your freedom. 166 eyes and 84 nose." Whereupon he tweaked his own long nose. "You see, it is lucky for you every doll except one, whose eyes are lost in her head, has two eyes and only one nose. Otherwise you would be a prisoner for life." Then he fell to laughing and he laughed so hard that he doubled up in the middle and sat down suddenly upon the floor. I was startled at first, but I found later that he was in the habit of doing this. When he had finished laughing, he took down my barricade, and taking me by the paw, led me out into the daylight.

Then followed a delightful ten days. I listened in at the Round Table Meetings and took copious notes. I pondered



long and hard on "What is the Best Method of Consilliation?" The answer was not long in coming. It was, Be friendly and use flattery.

When I tried to be friendly, only in a few instances was I snubbed. When I used flattery, in no instance was I ignored. In turn I proclaimed each dollegate the best loved, the most charming, the most travelled, the prettiest, and the bravest, and told them were I the judge I should be forced to bestow five prizes on each. This pleased them greatly and even the Empress and Lady Geraldine melted before me.

When the convention broke up I may say without blushing that I was unanimously declared a capital fellow and I received many invitations to visit the dollegates in all parts of the country, from New England and New York

Illustrations by Marian Huckins

to the Pacific Coast, Nebraska, Texas, and the District of Columbia.

And so, Friends and Colleagues, thus much have I done towards promoting bears. Though I went thither as a spy with every intention of making myself unfriendly, I have come away having been fondly embraced upon parting and begged with tears to remember each and every one.

(For further information in regard to the first All Dolls' Convention, write for the "Dolls' Convention News." A picture of the Convention may be purchased, postpaid 20 cents.)

E. W.

* * *

GRANDEUR OF GHOSTS

WHEN I have heard small talk about great men
I climb to bed; light my two candles; then
Consider what was said; and put aside
What Such-a-one remarked and Someone-else replied.

They have spoken lightly of my deathless friends,
(Lamps for my gloom, hands guiding where I stumble,)
Quoting, for shallow conversational ends,
What Shelley shrilled, what Blake once wildly muttered. . . .

How can they use such names and be not humble?
I have sat silent; angry at what they uttered.
The dead bequeathed them life; the dead have said
What these can only memorize and mumble.

From Siegfried Sassoon's new volume of poems, *The Heart's Journey*, Harper, $2.00.

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

Devoted to Letters from Horn Book Readers and Other Miscellany

A WORD ABOUT SIEGFRIED SASSOON

PERHAPS some boys and girls who make Mr. Sassoon's acquaintance this year of 1929 will like to know something about him. Siegfried Sassoon was born in 1890, the son of a well-to-do country gentleman of Anglo-Jewish stock. He was educated at Marlborough and Christchurch, Oxford.

Before the war he was occupied mainly with hunting, tennis, music and the composing of lyrics which he printed privately. In 1917 he published "The Old Huntsman" and became thereby one of the leading young poets of England.

When the war came he saw four and a half years' service in France and Palestine and won the Military Cross for valor, while at the same time writing poems exposing the ruthless waste and stupidity of war. The volume of his war verse is entitled "Counter Attack." "The Heart's Journey" is his latest volume of verse.

* * *

Dear Horn Book:

By pleasant coincidence the same mail that brought the Horn Books carried me a copy of the *Saturday Review of Literature* with Miss Coatsworth's poem, "On a Night of Snow," which has now gone to grangerizing my copy of "The Cat and the Captain."

What a terrifically exciting time you must have been having with your great exhibition of Dolls and the Dolls' Convention! I hope I shall see an account of it somewhere. As to the question whether the Teddy

Bear rage has really superseded children's interest in puppets of their own kind — I doubt this and do not believe the time will ever come when real dolls (anthropomorphic puppets) will ever go out of fashion. I remember when I was at St. John's, Newfoundland, seeing in a museum collection the remains of a Beothuk child — one of the aboriginal inhabitants. It had been found on a small island in Notre Dame Bay called "Pilley's Tickle." The little body was lying upon its side with the knees drawn up and the dry ochreous coloured skin was quite intact except over the skull. And in that little Beothuk child's hand (impregnated, like the child's body, with dark ochre red colouring matter) was a small wooden figure — a veritable doll!

And on another occasion when I had to make some drawings of treasures brought back by Professor Flinders Petrie from Egyptian excavations, I was fascinated by a child's tiny doll made of string! many thousands of years old!

A. HUGH FISHER

* * *

A LETTER FROM REED FULTON

Dear Horn Book:

You ask for something about my books and how they grow: —

Ideas are like butterflies: beautiful creations flitting their brief span, mouldering, to be reborn, to be reseen, to be re-enjoyed by countless thousands. Sometimes ideas are given a degree of permanence through one of the arts. Tennyson sings his idea into a song; Rodin moulds his idea into a statue; Edison expresses his idea in an invention.

In some slight degree, we all have experiences with ideas. My wife commented one day on a lecturer: "She deplores the scarcity of virile stories for girls. Why don't you write one?" — A friend took me salmon fishing off the southern point of Whidby Island. Said he: "A young girl ran a fishing boat here last summer, partly for the money she could make, partly for the sake of her health." So was the idea for my first junior novel born. THE POWDER DOCK MYSTERY was planned to carry an equal appeal to boys and girls who love adventure.

By sheer chance I picked up an old volume in the public library. It was an account by Alexander Ross of the trip with the party sent out in 1810 by John Jacob Astor to found a fur trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. His story appealed to me as a splendid background. This time I wished to produce a book with a strong boy

appeal, so I took a lad on the historical voyage of the *Tonquin*. Thus ideas combined to make DAVY JONES'S LOCKER a reality.

The idea for my third junior novel came from reading a statement by an old scout to the effect that as a boy he had been adopted by Kit Carson. The idea intrigued me. I became acquainted with the famous frontiersman, Carson, by reading everything I could find about him. I discovered Kit Carson to be a man of splendid ideals, a man of high physical and moral courage. I wanted to show the evolution of a boy under his training and so I came to write MOCCASIN TRAIL which will be published by Doubleday, Doran this fall.

The novels which I have written for young people have been rapid-moving adventures, but each has been dominated by an idea and an ideal. The idea in THE POWDER DOCK MYSTERY was to show that a modern girl can make her way in the midst of strenuous situations; in DAVY JONES'S LOCKER a freedom loving lad finds his opportunity; in MOCCASIN TRAIL a lad who has never had a chance, develops into a courageous youth against a background of frontier life.

The ideal I have set for all of my writing is based upon my contact with some 40,000 high school boys and girls: To write that Youth's love of adventure may be met and directed; that Youth may come to understand life better and be led to emulate the best.

REED FULTON

Seattle, Washington

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STORY TELLING IN A NEWTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Dear Horn Book:

It was a great experience to be present at the assemblies in one of the Junior High Schools of our city, when Mr. John J. Cronan, sponsored by the Public Library, told stories for three successive weeks, and I hope you may feel your Horn Book readers will enjoy hearing about it.

After the opening exercises, which were conducted entirely by the student body, Mr. Cronan was introduced and was greeted courteously by a clapping of hands, such as any visitor might receive. The fact that it was story telling was not enough to arouse their enthusiasm. These modern boys and girls must be won by the real and the genuine, and they must judge for themselves. Mr. Cronan told them a part of Dickens' "Great Expectations," and when he left them at an exciting

place to continue in the book, there was no doubt that he had scored greatly and the hall echoed with the hearty applause.

The next visit, the applause started upon his appearance in the doorway and continued until stopped by the chairman. This time Mr. Cronan told them Honoré Willsie Morrow's story, "On to Oregon." When he finished there was genuinely appreciative applause and the cheerleader rushed to the platform and they gave a school cheer for Mr. Cronan. The time was extended and Mr. Cronan told a funny story and ended with a song. The hall echoed with laughter and applause.

We who have been associated with Mr. Cronan in the work with boys and girls in our Libraries can fully appreciate his talent and the great possibilities that lie in his work. He tells stories in an inimitable way, arousing interest by the vivacity and charm of his voice; he has a wealth of fine old folk lore which awakens imagination; many rollicking "funny stories" that are of genuine humor; and he inspires young people to go adventuring among good books on their own account.

May greater success come, and wider fields be opened up for Mr. Cronan in this work he has chosen to follow.

Florence Bethune Sloan,
Supervisor Children's Work, Newton.

Throughout the Public Library system of Boston, Mr. Cronan's work has been followed with ever-increasing interest on account of his rare gift as a story-teller, his fine feeling for literature, and his willingness to give the close study necessary to reproduce an author's work faithfully as regards text and style. Libraries and schools in the vicinity of Boston are fortunate now that Mr. Cronan has turned away from business to devote himself fully to this work, so full of joy to him and to his audiences.—The Editors.

THE READING CONTEST

BOOK NOTES from boys and girls who have entered the Reading Contest are coming in steadily. In one school a Booklovers' Club has been formed and one hundred and forty children have joined and are sending in reports on their reading. Another school has a very active smaller group at work, and readers in all parts of the country are showing their interest. Much as we delight in new competitors, it is perhaps even more gratifying to find how many of last year's readers are continuing and to note that their selection of books is becoming more and more interesting, and their opinions of them expressed with more freedom and thoughtfulness.

JUNIPER FARM, by RÉNÉ BAZIN *Macmillan* $1.75

Juniper Farm is a very good book. There is nothing exciting in it, but it describes life on a French farm very well. The characters seem just like real people and the farm life is very much like ours in many ways.

There are four children on the farm in France: Maximin, Vincent, Jeanne, and Pierre. They play and work together in the fields and nearby woods. They each choose a career as they become older. Vincent becomes a mechanic, Maximin joins the army, and Jeanne and Pierre remain on the farm.

The love of the farm in Vincent is too strong, however, and he stops being a mechanic and comes back to the farm.

Although the scenes are laid in France and the people are French, they are so natural to everybody that they might belong to any country. The whole book is well done and I recommend it.

DOROTHY BOYD (*Age 11*),
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PENROD, by BOOTH TARKINGTON *Doubleday* 2.00

"Penrod" is a humorous story of a mischievous boy, who had the reputation of being "the worst boy in town," and lived up to it. His mother and father were well-nigh distracted and Margaret! Well, how wouldn't a pretty girl feel toward a young brother when she is nineteen, especially when boy friends are calling?

This book reveals the life of an eleven-going-on-twelve-year-old boy and the town perfectly. His actions and jealousies of Maurice Levy, who seemed to be Margery's "bow" when he wanted to be, are

vividly pictured. The feelings of the rest of the family are described in such a way as to make you sympathize with them and yet you realize that Penrod and Sam and other "bad boys" were really happy, healthy boys who only wanted something to do and usually got into trouble because of it.

"Penrod" is a riot of laughs. Every chapter left me in tears of joy after reading the trials of Penrod. I like "Penrod," too, because it gives the reader a better understanding of a boy's mind and proves that it is not just contrariness that gets them into trouble.

FLORENCE HENSEY (*Age 13*),
Kenosha, Wisconsin.

EMMELINE, by ELSIE SINGMASTER *Houghton* 1.50

"Emmeline" is a thrilling story which every one would enjoy reading. It is a splendid book from which to impersonate a character and it could be dramatized very successfully. I like the story because a girl my own age has a very interesting part and suffers many hardships during the Civil War.

This story takes place when the Confederates fought their way to Gettysburg to fight their first battle on Northern soil.

Emmeline is brave and helps her enemies. She cooks and does many other helpful things for them. She is afraid her brother has been killed during this fighting, but she finds him a prisoner and pleads for him to be set free.

Miss Singmaster writes some very sensational historical stories. This story is so exciting that it makes you feel as if you couldn't wait to see what's next.

HELEN SPEIRS (*Age 12*),
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
By JONATHAN SWIFT *Macmillan* 1.75

"Gulliver's Travels" was written by Dean Jonathan Swift, an Englishman, in 1727. Gulliver travels to far-off countries that do not exist, but he makes them seem very real by a very vivid description.

The first country visited is Lilliput, where the people are midgets. All their objects are smaller than ours, but in the same proportion. In the next country, Brobdignag, the people are much huger than he. In another country the inhabitants are horses. In each place visited the inhabitants are different from the English in every way.

The book is slow reading but enjoyable and funny. Swift gives many slams against the English government, customs, and people. Some things were over my head but I got enough out of it to enjoy it.

ROBERT MANNING (*Age 10*),
Plainville, Connecticut.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

By MARK TWAIN *Harper* 2.50

I enjoyed this book very much because the boys are about my own age. It is written just the way a boy would write his own diary. The spelling is in his own way. Tom and Huckleberry Finn are always getting into trouble but generally get out of it. Together they have many harum-scarum times. School is their worst enemy and they usually turn up missing. In one place they attend their own funeral. They have many exciting adventures in a huge cavern near the town and once their adventures lead them almost too far. This is my idea of a real book.

ATHERTON FULLER (*Age 12*),
Needham, Massachusetts.

LAVENGRO, by GEORGE BORROW *Houghton* 2.00

I like this book the least of any I've ever read. My first reason is that it is written in the form of an autobiography. There are few books of this style I've ever enjoyed. Second, because I disliked Lavengro thoroughly. He appeared to me as a dull, stupid, weird sort. This may be due to the fact he dwelled among snakes. And my last reason is because the book is so slow, so apparently without any object in view, and so horrible.

If any one enjoys these characteristics of a book, I advise them to read: — Lavengro.

CUBA RAE FLAG (*Age 12*),
Indianapolis, Indiana.

MAGIC GOLD, by MARION LANSING *Little* 2.00

This book, with its vivid descriptions of life in the Middle Ages during the time of Roger Bacon, was one of much interest to me. While a voluntary apprentice of Master Michael, the castle alchemist, the young lord has many adventures. Though he enters the apprenticeship while lame, after he is cured by a visiting friar he continues his work. Philip, who is almost a son to the lord, is another apprentice. He turns traitor and plans to give the castle to an avaricious neighboring count. The castle is saved by Friar Bacon, who has once been befriended by its inmates. I liked the descriptions of the early development in science, especially the mythical Philosopher's Stone.

MARGARET STUMP (*Age 10*),
Indianapolis, Indiana.

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A DONKEY CONTEST

under the auspices of "DONKEYS IN FICTION"
will be held at
THE BOOKSHOP *for* BOYS AND GIRLS
270 Boylston Street, Boston
from August 19th through the 31st

EEYORE, CADICHON, RUMSWIDDLE, and SON OF SATAN invite all boys and girls under fourteen years of age to enter a donkey to compete for the awards to be given as follows:

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THE MOST UNIQUE DONKEY
THE MOST KNOWING DONKEY
THE MOST COMICAL DONKEY
THE MOST LIFE-LIKE DONKEY
THE BEST NAMED DONKEY

All donkeys must be made especially for this contest and must be submitted duly named before August 14th. Each donkey must be tagged with the name, address, and age of the sender.

The donkeys may be pictured, modelled, carved, sewed or presented in any medium, size, or setting that the maker may wish.

The prizes will be awarded by a competent judge, assisted by

EEYORE (*Winnie-the-Pooh,* by A. A. Milne, *Dutton*) Cuts D
CADICHON (*Memoirs of a Donkey,* by Mme. de Segur, *Macmillan*) Cuts A
RUMSWIDDLE (*Abdullah and His Donkey,* by KOS, *Macmillan*) Cut C
SON OF SATAN (*A Boy of the Desert,* by Eunice Tietjens, *Coward*)

ARE YOU A DONKEY JOHN?

JOHN HOFER was ten years old and he lived on the mountain above Toy Valley. He longed to carve animals, and when alone with his goats, he dreamed about all the things he would make if only he had the blocks of wood and the tools.

"Such pictures as John saw lying there with his eyes half shut! — a long procession of little wooden mules wading through grass blades; a wooden doll no larger than his thumb, sitting on a yellow daisy and swinging its stiff little legs; a line of cows winding about that stone near the clump of blue gentians; two white lambs like those that followed him, only not so large as mice. Hundreds and hundreds of funny sights he saw in the grass on the breezy Alp where he lay."

He knew he could make these things if only he should try. Then came the time when he went to become an apprentice in Toy Valley, and after years of practicing with tools he carved a donkey, and try as he would he couldn't

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make anything but donkeys! He became known as Donkey John of Toy Valley.

"His success at the contest encouraged John greatly and he worked with renewed energy, but try as he would and try what he would, cow, lamb, dog, fish, or bird, the result was always the same. From under his hand came forth a procession of donkeys. If he tried a fish he got a flat donkey with a comical head that made people die a-laughing. If he tried a cow, he got a lank and bony donkey, equally amusing. No matter what he tried, out came some form of donkey."

(*Donkey John of Toy Valley,* by Margaret Warner Morley, *McClurg*)

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"ROOTS" OF THE PETER RABBIT TALES

By Beatrix Potter

Editor's Note: — In connection with "Realms of Gold" the Editor had asked Beatrix Potter (Mrs. William Heelis in everyday life) to write of the roots out of which her work had sprung. Since so little has hitherto been known of Beatrix Potter, and only a portion of this letter could be used in "Realms," it is printed almost in its entirety here.

THE question of "roots" interests me! I am a believer in "breed"; I hold that a strongly marked personality can influence descendants for generations. In the same way that we farmers know that certain sires — bulls — stallions — rams — have been "prepotent" in forming breeds of shorthorns, thoroughbreds, and the numerous varieties of sheep. I am descended from generations of Lancashire yeomen and weavers; obstinate, hard headed, *matter of fact* folk. (There you find the downright matter-of-factness which imports an air of reality.) As far back as I can go, they were Puritans, Nonjurors, Nonconformists, Dissenters. Your *Mayflower* ancestors sailed to America; mine at the same date were sticking it out at home; probably rather enjoying persecution. The most remarkable old "character" amongst my ancestors — old Abraham Crompton, who sprang from mid-Lancashire, bought land for pleasure in the Lake District, and his descendants seem to have drifted back at intervals ever since — though none of us own any of the land that belonged to old Abraham.

However—it was not the Lake District at all that inspired me to write children's books. I hope this shocking statement will not distress you kind Americans, who see Peter Rabbits under every Westmoreland bush. I am inclined to put it down to three things — mainly — (1) The aforesaid matter-of-fact ancestry, (2) The accidental circumstance of having spent a good deal of my childhood in the Highlands of Scotland, with a Highland nurse girl, and a firm belief in witches, fairies and the creed of the terrible John Calvin (the creed rubbed off, but the fairies remained).

(3) A peculiarly precocious and tenacious memory. I have been laughed at for what I say I can remember; but it is admitted that I can remember quite plainly from one and two years old; not only facts, like learning to walk, but places and sentiments — the way things impressed a very young child.

Does not that go a long way towards explaining the little books? I learned to read on the Waverly novels; I had had a horrid large print primer and a stodgy fat book — I think it was called a "History of the Robin Family," by Mrs. Trimmer. I know I hated it — then I was let loose on "Rob Roy," and spelled through a few pages painfully; then I tried "Ivanhoe" — and the "Talisman" — then I tried "Rob Roy" again; all at once I began to READ (missing the long words, of course), and those great books keep their freshness and charm still. I had very few books — Miss Edgeworth and Scott's novels I read over and over.

I only cared for two toys; a dilapidated black wooden doll called Topsy, and a very grimy, hard-stuffed, once-white, flannelette pig (which gradually parted with a tail made of tape). The pig did not belong to me. Grandmamma kept it in the bottom drawer of her *secrétaire*. The drawer had to be solemnly unlocked, and I nursed the precious animal, I being seated on a cross bar underneath the library table; the table cloth had a yellowy green fringe, and Grandmamma also had very hard gingersnap biscuits in a canister. I remember one of my teeth (milk-teeth) came out in consequence (on purpose?) while I was under the table. Children were much better brought up in those days. Thank goodness, my education was neglected; I was never sent to school. Of course, what *I* wore was absurdly uncomfortable; white piqué starched frocks just like Tenniel's "Alice in Wonderland," and cotton stockings striped round and round like a zebra's legs. In those early days I composed (or endeavoured to compose) hymns imitated from Isaac Watts, and sentimental ballad descriptions of Scottish scenery, which might have been pretty, only I never could make

them scan. Then for a long time I gave up trying to write, because I could not do it. About 1893 I was interested in a little invalid child, the eldest child of a friend; he had a long illness. I used to write letters with pen and ink scribbles, and one of the letters was Peter Rabbit.

Noel has got them yet; he grew up and became a hard-working clergyman in a London poor parish. After a time there began to be a vogue for small books, and I thought "Peter" might do as well as some that were being published. But I did not find any publisher who agreed with me. The manuscript — nearly word for word the same, but with only outline illustrations — was returned with or without thanks by at least six firms. Then I drew my savings out of the post office savings bank, and got an edition of 450 copies printed. I think the engraving and printing cost me about £11. It caused a good deal of amusement amongst my relations and friends. I made about £12 or £14 by selling copies to obliging aunts. I showed this privately printed black and white book to Messrs. F. Warne & Co., and the following year, 1901, they brought out the first coloured edition. The coloured drawings for this were done in a garden near Keswick, Cumberland, and several others were printed in the same part of the Lake District. Squirrel Nutkin sailed on Derwentwater; Mrs. Tiggywinkle lived in the Vale of Newlands near Keswick. Later books, such as "Jemima Puddle-duck," "Ginger and Pickles," the "Pie and the Patty Pan," etc., were done at Sawrey, in this southern end of the Lake District. The books relating to Tom Kitten and Samuel Whiskers describe the interior of my old farm house, where children are comically impressed by seeing the real chimney and cupboards.

I think I write carefully because I enjoy my writing, and enjoy taking pains over it. I have always disliked writing to order; I write to please myself. I made enough by books and a small legacy from an aunt to buy a home at the Lakes which has gradually grown into a very large sheep farm; and I married very happily at forty-seven. What are the